

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

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WOMAN'S IMPORTANT DAYS:

THE DAY BEFORE, THE DAY OF, AND THE DAY AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY EDMUND LANCASTER.

My love, my lady, and my wife.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"AND to-morrow you will be mine, dear Louise;" said Charles Peregrine, taking the hand of his betrothed; "powers of mercy! how blissful is the thought."

"Be not too sanguine," returned Louise, with the prettiest toss of the head imaginable; "you have wrung but a reluctant consent from your father; and unless, with his approbation, he furnishes you with a sufficient fortune to supply every little elegant whim—such as jewels, carriages, country-houses, and trifles—I don't think it will be worth while having you at all—"

Whilst Louise spoke, the folding-doors were opened, and Colonel Peregrine entered. He however stopped on crossing the threshold, listened for a few moments to Louise's giddy speech; then, while displeasure darkened his brow, retired unperceived by the lovers.

"Thou arrogant little gipsey!" exclaimed Peregrine; "all that thy heart can desire shall be thine."

"Be heedful that you keep your promise, or I will prove the veriest termagant that ever man wedded," rejoined the beautiful girl in a half-playful, half-determined tone.

Louise Mandeville was the daughter of a gentleman of noble family; but he, being the younger son of a younger brother, was destitute of fortune, save what his profession as a barrister afforded him. His daughter, unfortunately, inherited the pride and expensive ideas which belonged to elder branches of the family; and the

imprudent indulgence of her parents encouraged her in that extravagance to which she was already too much inclined. The natural consequences of this imprudent system of education, were, a love of splendour, and an unbounded ambition after wealth and its concomitant enjoyments: and though amongst the poorest, Louise was also amongst the most splendidly attired in the assemblies of beauty and fashion. This—shall I say?—*unamiable* trait, was in some measure counterbalanced by the goodness of her disposition, and the winning fascination of her manners, which irresistibly impelled her friends to overlook her errors, and to see only the brighter parts of her character. For though Louise Mandeville was proud, and even somewhat haughty, yet, the undefinable charm that encircled her as a halo, the music of her voice, and the entire absence of conceit or affectation in the composition of her temper, made amends for the pride in which she was apt to indulge, and bound all hearts to her. She was not tall, being rather under than over the middle height, but was graceful as an Egyptian Alma. Her bearing was dignified, and her rich auburn tresses fell with queen-like luxuriance over a brow and neck of living alabaster. As to her eyes! they bewitched all beholders—blue, sparkling and expressive; but proud as the soul which beamed through their flashes: yet there was innocence in them too, and when—as she had a method of doing—she half closed their ivory portals,

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and directed their softest beams upon any favoured one; so much mildness, and so much ineffable goodness lived in the glance, that it sunk at once to the heart, and it became a saying, that, "were Louise Mandeville queen, she might, with impunity, tyrannize over her subjects with all the indomitable spirit of an Elizabeth, because she could at the same time enchant them with the softer manners and superior beauty of a Mary, Queen of Scots."

As it may be supposed, she was not without admirers, but she kept all at a chilling distance; repelling them by hauteur at the very moment in which she attracted them most by her beauty—thus binding them, as it were, with chains of iron wreathed with roses. All were alike treated in this manner, for although ambition and love of splendour seemed inherent in her disposition, yet her judgment was not so far blinded as to lead her to marry for wealth only. She had resolved never to wed a poor man, but, at the same time, she determined not to unite herself with a rich one, unless she loved him; so that peer and private individual alike shared her paradoxical encouragement of smiles and frowns, until Charles Peregrine came upon the scene.

He was an only child, consequently a pet—with his mother at least—and, as he had in youth displayed symptoms of a delicate constitution, it was deemed unadvisable to confine him to a school; he was therefore sent abroad with a tutor, that he might receive instruction and health together. At the age of nineteen he returned to England, after an absence of seven years, having acquired all the easy manner, elegant demeanour, and pleasing address, which the Continent usually imparts, without its too prevalent vices. Charles soon became a general favourite amongst the *élite* of high life; his features were well formed, and his intellectual endowments good, though his sentiments and opinions were scarcely yet sufficiently formed, which gave to his actions that degree of indecision in most cases characteristic of youth, but which bid fair to wear off with the approach of riper years.

During Peregrine's continental tour his mother died; his hopes of independence therefore entirely rested on his father. The colonel was an old soldier, of the old school; fond of the strictest discipline, and exacting it with the strictest punctilio—as well from his son, as all others who were dependent upon him. He ruled something after the "Sir Anthony Absolute" fashion. It was, "Charles, do this—or, Charles, do that—if he demurred—he knocked him down." This was the plan he had pursued during his son's boyhood, and which he would probably have had no disinclination to follow in after years, had not Nature elevated the young man's head and shoulders above the colonel's bald pate, and rendered the knocking down part of the business a matter of rather difficult accomplishment. The old gentleman, however, was remarkably indulgent to his son, and immediately on his arrival he settled a liberal annuity upon him, and gave him apartments in his house, that he might be identified with the well known splendour and hospitality of the Peregrines.

By no means averse to the enjoyment of his fortune in the manner best becoming a man of spirit, Charles plunged at once into the vortex of pleasure, and made, in his opinion, the best possible use of his father's liberality—that of sharing it with the rattlepate friends who speedily flocked around him. Dinners, balls, routs, followed each other in quick succession, and were thickly attended by the rich, the gay, and the fair, who unanimously agreed that Mr. Charles Peregrine was the very prototype of his father. It was at one of these parties that he met with Miss Mandeville, who had been invited with her uncle, Lord V—. Now it so happened, that about this time Colonel Peregrine had been hinting to his son the expediency of selecting a wife from the throng of beauty and wealth to whom he had introduced him.

"For you see, Charley," said the old gentleman, leaning back in his chair, and crossing his outstretched legs, "you see, if you go on in this giddy manner—though I don't at all

disapprove of it while you remain single—you will become so infatuated, so fond of a bachelor's merry life, that death may steal a march upon me before I have the proud satisfaction of dandling on my knee a little grandson, whom I may reasonably hope will perpetuate the honours, the riches, and the name of Peregrine. Therefore, my lad, look about you—don't be in too great a hurry, for you have plenty of time for operations—but prepare your batteries, choose your plan of attack, and when the fortress appears, you will be ready to take it with a single decisive blow. Yet bear in mind, all these preparations must not be wasted upon mere outposts—avoid them—but wait till you reach some citadel where your plunder will be great—*there* lies the grand art of war! for the most successful general is he who returns with most gold in his baggage-waggon. You comprehend me, Charley lad, I dare say;" and he winked, and nodded, and chuckled at his own wit, with great self-satisfaction.

Charles promised he "would in all his best obey his father," and in the evening scanned with curious eye the varied charms of his fair visitors, but the inspection was unsatisfactory; most were lovely, but of a description more allied to wax-work, than animated beings. "I can never link myself to a doll," thought he; "I must have something to talk to as well as look at." As this reflection crossed him he heard a low musical voice make some remark near him. He turned, and saw Louise Mandeville! "There stands the woman whom fate has allotted as my wife," were the words which immediately passed his lips, in a half whisper, as he gazed with admiration on the being before him. They were speedily introduced, danced together, sat together, chatted together, and finally fell in love together. All Louise's pride vanished as she listened to the remarks, dictated by sterling good sense, which Peregrine made; and when he happened to utter some encomium upon her beauty, her hitherto-scornful eyes glittered with a brilliancy equal to the diamond tiara which blaz-

ed amid her golden tresses. "She is a divinity," thought he. "He is rich and amiable," thought she. "She shall be mine," resolved Charles. "He will distance all my dangles," reflected Louise; and so, matters being thus promptly decided in the minds of the parties, nothing was wanting but a formal declaration; and Peregrine, not being fond of procrastination, made one before three months from the night he first saw Louise had elapsed.

And then Louise remembered that she was portionless! Her father had died some years back in but indifferent circumstances, and all she possessed was a small annuity, for she had expended the whole stock of ready money which had been bequeathed her by Mr. Mandeville's will, in jewellery and other elegancies. She was therefore virtually destitute, and with tears of mortification confessed the humiliating circumstance to her lover.

"And think you, beloved Louise, that *that* is any object?" said Charles, with generous warmth. "No—I can myself set poverty at defiance, and therefore require no other dowry than your own rich and inestimable heart."

"But will Colonel Peregrine entertain the same idea upon the subject?" asked Louise. "He may require a more tangible portion," she added.

"He cannot, he will not," returned Charles. "Believe me, he has my happiness too much at heart to deny me any thing."

"Gain his consent, and my hand is yours," said Louise; "but should he withhold it, think no more upon me; for I would rather," she added, proudly, "be the wife of a plebeian, than of one whose friends would deem themselves disgraced by the union."

Charles assured her that there was nothing of the kind to fear, and kissing her hand, flew on the wings of hope to his father.

"Well, Charley, my lad," said the colonel, who was enjoying himself over a bottle of wine after his early dinner, "what brings you here with such smiling looks?"

"Oh, sir! the best of all causes," said Charles, seating himself, and taking the glass of port which his fa-

ther proffered, as he spoke. "I have pleasing intelligence to impart."

"What! has war been declared then?" cried the old gentleman, starting up.

"Aye, that it has, sir," replied Peregrine.

"Huzza!—Glorious news!—but how, lad—when?"

"Not two hours ago, sir," said Charles, "and I have come to ask your approbation to enlist in the cause."

"With a hearty good will, my boy," said the elated colonel; "you shall fight—aye, and conquer too—under my own auspices."

"Sir! I am overjoyed to hear you say so," exclaimed Charles; "this kindness was almost unlooked for."

"Gadzooks, lad!" cried the colonel, "did you think that after facing danger all my life unhurt, I would fear your pursuing the same bright path? Out upon the boy!—but come, let us fill to the success of the glorious cause!"

"With all my heart, sir," returned his son, rising, glass in hand. The colonel filled a bumper, and both lifting the generous liquor to their lips, proceed to give utterance to their enthusiasm.

"Here's success!"—said the colonel—

"To my endeavours"—returned Charles—

"At gaining"—continued the father—

"A wife," added the son.

"A what?" asked old Peregrine.

"A wife, sir," repeated Charles.

"A wife!" vociferated the colonel, dashing his wine to the ground, and in the action sweeping his son's uplifted glass to the same fallen condition. "A wife!—The devil's in the lad!—A wife!—Why, you scoundrel, I thought you meant that we had quarrelled with our continental neighbours."

"You mistook, sir," said Charles, "I came to tell you, that, according to your own desire, I had laid siege to a fine woman, and wished your permission to make her my wife."

"A wife, quotha!" ejaculated the colonel, in a calmly miserable tone, not yet recovered from his amaze-

ment. "A wife, indeed!—and a pretty omen dropping your glass too, as much as to say, 'many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.' But tell me—who is she?"

"Miss Mandeville, sir, niece to Lord V——."

"I know him well; a half-ruined nobleman with a large family. Why, you dog! I ordered you to storm a fort, and you come with the intelligence of having captured a dove-cot!"

"A chest of gold, rather, my dear sir," said Charles.

"Is she rich then?"

"In virtues and mental endowment, she is."

"But how with regard to cash?"

"Why, sir, I must confess that—"

"There, that's enough," interrupted the colonel; "you sha'n't have her, that's poz!" and he stalked out of the room. Charles followed, and for some hours maintained a brisk fire against the citadel of his father's heart; at length it capitulated, though somewhat ungraciously, and Charles returned with the joyful intelligence to his Louise.

The usual routine was soon gone through—of visiting—declaring intentions to mamma—making costly presents to the young lady—escorting her to theatres, operas, &c. &c.; and, at last, "*the day before marriage*" dawned upon our hero—he was with Louise early.

"And to-morrow you will be mine, dear Louise," said he; and then occurred the incident with which we opened our history.

During the morning, Miss Mandeville's thoughts had been divided between anticipations of future grandeur, and reflections upon the important crisis which was so near at hand. She was about to unite herself with one for whom she entertained a love founded on reason and choice; to abandon her happiness, in the fulness of confidence, to his keeping. There was something awful in the latter idea, and many a sigh was heaved as she reflected upon the unhappiness which frequently attends the married life, and from thence was led to revolve in her mind the causes which produce such lamentable consequences.

From such unpleasing ideas, Louise turned to the cheering reflection of the many good qualities which adorned Peregrine, and now she looked upon the matrimonial condition in a new light. Sweet contrast! She viewed it as an union of sincere affection, when love—pure and ardent love—cements the hallowed band, and consecrates the blessing which the priest has pronounced. It was then she beheld marriage in its true beauty: the wife, the soother and assistant of her husband—the husband, the protector and lover of his wife. “We shall be as happy as the day is long,” she said, internally; and leaning her head upon her beautiful hand, suffered Fancy, with her airy pencil, to draw a picture of future felicity, future grandeur, and, above all, future triumphs over her less splendidly attired friends. The delirium was dangerous! The calm pleasures of domestic life, of the happy fireside, were adumbrated, while her brain became giddy with the imaginary whirlpool in which Louise launched her bark of happiness. Husband—affection—comfort—were comparatively unthought of, and the hurry of visiting—the glare of lights—the glitter of jewellery, and other adventitious enjoyments, united to dazzle her senses, and caused her, for the moment, in spite of her previous reflections, to look upon the approaching marriage almost as a mere ceremony, which was to enable her to gratify her vanities. All this rendered her very unfit to meet the affectionate Peregrine with a reciprocity of feeling, and gave rise to the somewhat sordid sentiments she expressed.

Yet in this Louise was far from singular; for many a young lady, however great her love for him she is about to marry, thinks more of those unreal joys which his fortune may purchase, than the solid pleasures to be derived from his conversation and society at home. This emanates from a wrong application of their thoughts; for when they allow a moment for reflection upon times to come, instead of choosing the proper occupation of a thinking being by proposing various perfections to themselves, and laying out plans for their own conduct,

to ensure a husband's love, they suffer their ideas to be engrossed by themes (like that latterly chosen by Louise) frivolous and unworthy of them. Much is this to be lamented, as it would require even a less exertion of thought to picture intrinsic pleasures, than those which, after all, are purely imaginative. It is true, we cannot always command our thoughts when they overshoot the limits of probability; but we may curb them—we may direct their tendency—and ultimately, we may force them to revert to their original train, and leave those dangerous heights to which they may have soared. A young lady who can do this, when pleasure supersedes comfort in her aerial castles, is one of sense, and will prove a treasure to her husband.

The blindness of lovers is proverbial, even the defects of a mistress become beauties in their eyes; and Charles, not being a whit more sharp-sighted than the generality of those in his situation, saw nothing to alarm him in the behaviour of Louise; on the contrary, it charmed him. But Colonel Peregrine was otherwise affected by it, and dropped several hints during the afternoon, that it would afford him much satisfaction were the impending match broken off. Charles, however, parried every thrust which his father made with great good humour, considering the contest rather as a match with foils than a serious encounter.

The few intervening hours rapidly flew past, invitations innumerable poured in for the young couple to spend the honey-moon at the country houses of their respective friends, but they were all declined, as the lovers had arranged (unfashionably enough) that the wedding-day should be passed in London, it being Mrs. Mandeville's intention to depart for the Continent that same evening, and they wished to be with her until the last moment. The following day Charles would receive his income from his father, and then start with his bride for a small seat of the colonel's in Devonshire.

“*The Wedding-day*” arrived, Charles rose with the lark, and watched with impatience the sun's progress as he

burst upon the dominions of night, and chased before him the shades which enveloped the world in gloom. Cloud followed cloud in the flight, until not a single laggard was left, and the sky presented a field of blue, enlightened by a rich flood of glory. The lover gazed with delight on the beautiful scene, and compared it with his own fate. "Until Louise's smile illumed my heart," he said aloud, "all there was dark, and now the time has come when every shade shall be dispelled like the dull mists before the brilliancy of yonder resplendent orb."

We will spare our readers the description of the ceremony, and pass on to more important matters. Colonel Peregrine had, from some unaccountable cause, failed to make his appearance, and on a footman being dispatched to his chamber to learn the reason, the man was informed that the colonel had left home early in the morning, and had not since been seen. Charles was not at all uneasy at this, being well acquainted with the whimsical humours in which his father sometimes indulged, and therefore sat down in high glee with his friends to a splendid repast. Gaiety sat upon every countenance, Charles was animated in the extreme; and the bride, amidst her cluster of select female friends, shone "superior to them all." The conversation was of that kind which real cheerfulness, drawn from the finer emotions of the soul, ever produces; mirth, elegant and refined, pervaded the whole circle; it seemed like a "jubilee of hearts," which, enrobed by wit and friendship, danced in unison to the sounds of harmony and sincerity. "Would that this could last for ever!" thought Charles, "I never imagined I possessed such true friends until now—with such a circle, and such a wife, what hours of happiness are in store for me!" He had scarce concluded this silent apostrophe, when sounds of confusion and riot caught his ear, but after listening a moment, he attributed it to the boisterous joy of the servants, and forgave them in his heart on account of the cause which produced it. About this time, a gentleman who had left the room for a short period to answer

some inquiry, re-entered, and communicated something in a low tone to the person who sat nearest him, and who, in his turn, imparted it to his neighbour, and so on, until the intelligence, whatever it might be, had made the circuit of the table.

There is a Persian tale, which narrates an incident where an Eastern Sultan is in the midst of his divan administering justice; all are loud in the praises of his impartiality, when suddenly a spirit (fabled to belong to the regions of gloom in the Frozen Ocean) appears amongst them, and suspends for a time all animation. The blood was chilled—the tongue made silent—and the heart frozen, as though the icy blasts of winter had instantaneously superseded the warm zephyrs of a summer's day. Just so were the friends of Charles Peregrine struck; faces that a moment before had beamed in all the refulgency of smiles, now wore a cold aspect, deepened on some into looks of suspicion or contempt. Ere Charles became aware of this change, a servant put a letter into his hands, stating that it required an instant perusal. Peregrine immediately asked permission, and retired to read it. It ran as follows:—

"SON CHARLES—Taking advantage of a few hasty words wrung from me in a moment of thoughtlessness, you have deemed proper to marry against my approbation, notwithstanding the sentiments I yesterday expressed; therefore, take the consequences.

"I have paid the rent of the house up to this day, as also the servants' wages, it being my intention to proceed directly to my country-seat; so that if you remain in the one, or retain the other over to-morrow morning, you will incur the expenses upon your own account.

"Supposing that Miss Mandeville will be too proud to marry an eleemosynary, I beg, with submission to her ideas, to withdraw your allowance; you need not, therefore, remain in town in the expectation of my steward calling upon you to-morrow.

"I remain, &c. &c.

"JUNIUS PEREGRINE.

"To Chas. Peregrine, Esq."

This was a dreadful blow for poor Charles, and the magnitude of the misfortune, for a time, made him entertain a doubt as to its certainty. But he knew too well the temper of his father to harbour disbelief long. He read and re-read the letter, until his reason trembled on the verge of insanity, and it was only by a powerful effort that he collected his fleeting senses sufficiently to assume a look of calmness on returning to the dining-room. As he proceeded thither, he debated within himself the propriety of at once imparting the intelligence to his bride; but on entering, he saw her rising to withdraw, and in the action, she cast a gratified glance at an opposite mirror which reflected her eminently beautiful countenance—seeming to ask, “where is there a lovelier?” This completely unhinged Charles, he could not bear the idea of despoiling that face of its smiles, and resolved to defer the communication until the following morning.

That morning came, and Peregrine, with a beating heart, sat down to breakfast with his all-lovely wife. Nothing can be more painful to the feelings than an assumption of gaiety, when the mind rejects its approaches. It is a mockery of joy, and we feel the same sensations under its influence as a coiner, young in crime, may be supposed to endure, when he first offers his gilded metal for sterling gold. Charles felt thus situated, and every cheerful word he uttered was accompanied by a suspicious glance to watch the slightest probability of the counterfeit being discovered, and his very anxiety to hide his emotion turned principal evidence against him. Thus it is with all deceivers of mankind, who, aware of the duplicitous part they are acting, exercise an over-alertness to prevent detection, and so arouse a vigilance which would otherwise never have been employed against them. Louise soon became aware that her husband's behaviour sprung from no common motives, and strove to fathom them, that she might either share or chase them from his breast. Scarce, however, had she ventured to ask if any thing had occurred to create uneasiness, when a domestic

entered the room, and requested, in the name of his fellow-servants and himself, to know if Mr. Peregrine required their services any longer? they being anxious, as speedily as possible, to procure themselves other situations in the event of that not being the case.

“Miscreant!” said Charles, unable to suppress his passion, “are you in such haste to leave the roof which has sheltered you so long?—to leave the table at which you have so often fed? But, begone! for you only form a part of the world as wise men have described it!” and he covered his face with his hands.

“Humph!” said the fellow in a half audible and insolent tone, as he left the room, “the young sprig is as uncivil as the old crab itself.”

“Charles!” said Louise with surprise, “what can this mean?—your servants leaving you, and yourself unhappy!—for mercy's sake explain this to me!”

“It can no longer be hidden,” cried Charles with desperate energy; and producing his father's letter, “read that, Louise, and learn that your husband is a beggar!”

Louise took the fatal paper with fear and trembling; at first her eye merely glanced over its contents, she then seated herself and carefully perused it, sentence by sentence, word by word; but when she had concluded, from the excitement of her mind, and the frightful blow which the letter levelled at her happiness, she was almost ignorant of what it contained. A sort of dullness—of obesity—seemed to blunt her sense of perception, and parting the auburn tresses from her brow, she again read Colonel Peregrine's intimation of the steps he had taken, and the whole flashed at once upon her. The husband watched, with painful intensity of interest, the wife's countenance at this crisis; her colour rose until it deepened to a rich crimson glow, then vanished like the sudden flash of a passing vapour; a tear stood in the corner of either eye, but she wiped them off, and the orbs which shed them became fixed, as if watching the flight of some visionary spirit. It was evidently a natural

struggle of the mind with its feelings, as long cherished hopes faded before them, and which they strove to retain in the same manner as the dreamer, on waking, endeavours to stay the departure of some pleasing phantasy. Again was her hand passed across her forehead, and pressed for a moment upon the temple with an air of deep thought. She raised her eyes, and their light fell upon Peregrine's face—on which sat grief and despair—she looked for a moment, then dropping her hand upon his, and entwining it with her fingers, said, in a voice attuned by Love himself, "Well, Peregrine!—and is this all?"

"All, Louise!—Could worse have happened?" cried Charles.

"Yes," said his wife, throwing herself into his arms, "to have been separated!"

This proof of tenderness unmanned him, and kissing her fair forehead, Charles burst into tears, exclaiming, "My own, my own Louise!"

"Nay," said she, raising her head, "why attribute so much consequence to this?—all will be well—I will go myself to your father."

"And what could *you* say, my Louise?"

"I know not, but when I have my husband's father by the hand, and my husband's cause to plead, Nature, and Nature's God, will supply me with words!"

"My own!—my sweetest!" said Peregrine; but he was here interrupted by a low knock at the door, which was followed by the entrance of old Symmonds, his valet.

"How is this," said Charles, "I thought the servants had all abandoned me!"

"All but me, sir," said the old man, "but you could not surely suppose that, after growing grey in your father's service, and attending you in your travels abroad, I could ever be happy elsewhere."

"But my worthy fellow, I have not a shilling in the world to support the expence of even one servant," said Peregrine.

"What, sir," cried Symmonds, "do you think that after reaping sufficient from your liberality to lay by a little

independence, I require *payment* for my services now that you are in distress? I thought, sir, you knew your old attendant better."

"Forgive me, Symmonds, I scarce know what I say: but tell me, what brought you hither?"

"I only came to inform you, sir, that the house is cleared of the servants, and that several persons are waiting below, who say they were desired by you to bring in their bills before you left town," replied the valet.

"Gracious Heavens! and I am without the means of paying them!" exclaimed Charles, to whom this new misfortune was particularly distressing, he having always had too strong a feeling for a poor man's necessity to let him wait for a shilling.

"We may easily surmount that, sir," said Symmonds, "I will tell them they shall be paid in a month, for if you cannot, I will. But there is some one else waiting, who wishes to know whether it be your intention to remain in the house as a tenant, or deliver up the key of it."

This was another evil stroke, for Charles knew of no place whither he could go until something could be settled with his father. Symmonds, however, obviated the difficulty, by saying that he had a sister who kept a lodging-house hard by, and if Mrs. Peregrine would condescend to take up her abode there for a few days, he was sure that the best apartments would be at their service. Charles looked at Louise, who immediately and cheerfully expressed her willingness to follow him wherever he went. The matter was therefore settled at once, and in about half an hour the newly married pair proceeded to their humble dwelling in a hackney-coach.

Poverty has been called the touchstone of friendship; it certainly is that of love, for too frequently does affection between man and wife subside at the approach of adversity. However, in the present instance, the untoward circumstances which had occurred, seemed to endear Charles and Louise more than ever to each other. The latter endeavoured, by caresses and tender expostulations, to soothe the

cares of her chosen one; but when Peregrine looked round him as he entered the poor apartment in which they were to reside, he could scarcely support himself, and striking his forehead, said, "How, Louise, can I be tranquil when I reflect upon the state to which I am reduced? Where are the splendours you were promised? Where those joys which you built so much upon? I told you that jewels—that grandeur—that happiness—should be yours—and now, where, where are they?"

"In your own keeping, Charles," replied Louise; "what jewel is so inestimable as your love?—what of grandeur more elevated than your esteem?—or what happiness more real, more refined, than your society? I can dispense with all else, and if you grant me these, my highest ambition is gratified!"

Charles had yet to learn, that when a woman really loves, whatever may have been her faults, they become, for a time at least, expelled by that passion, with every other sentiment of the soul, the moment she has sworn at the altar to follow the object of it "through weal and through woe;" he therefore said, with a melancholy and incredulous smile, "These professions would sound well, Louise, in the gilded halls of the wealthy, but is it possible your proud heart can make them with sincerity in this degraded situation?"

"You wrong me cruelly, if you for a moment suppose otherwise," returned Louise; "your own reason ought to make manifest that love is love, whether breathed within the precincts of a palace or a cottage—that love is love, however fashion may teach its votaries to miscall it—and that love is love, whether confessed by the affluent maiden or the portionless wife. But your mind seems broken; why not look upon your misfortunes with a calmness like mine? Remember, we are not entirely destitute; these jewels, which in the days of courtship you gave me, will raise an ample supply for our present wants; and I am sure you will admire my ringlets quite as much when they fall from beneath a snow white cap, as when they were

braided with pearls; and then, you know, I can embroider, and draw, and when our resources fail, we shall find the value of these accomplishments. Then, Charles, then," she continued, her angel eyes sparkling with tenderness and enthusiasm, "you will find that your wife—your own Louise—is sincere, when she says she loves you."

This behaviour, so totally different from what he had expected, only made Charles more miserable. Had she broken into reproaches, or taunted him with his fallen fortunes, the very indignation he would have felt, had deprived his misery of half its sting; but to find so much devotion, so much meekness, so much tenderness, in one formerly so proud, so haughty, and so ambitious, completely unmanned him; and all her caresses, all her fond prattle, could not lighten a particle of his load of sorrow. It is somewhat remarkable that woman can bear sudden calamities with greater fortitude than man, although the reverse is generally supposed to be the case. Deprive the latter of a limb, and he will bear the pain; involve him in difficulties, and he will courageously meet them; or give him suspense, anxiety, and poverty to contend with; add disappointment after disappointment, and he will not sink—nay, he will bear all with cheerfulness. But, sow hope in his heart, furnish him with riches, bid him look forward to years of happiness, and then destroy in an instant the pleasing fabric you have raised, and his spirits will break beneath the suddenness of the blow!—especially when it falls upon so young a mind as Peregrine's, who, it will be remembered, was not yet twenty-one. On the other hand, a woman is distracted until a certainty of good or ill arrives; she can cope with suspense, or the continuing repetition of misfortunes; but, on the occurrence of an unlooked-for disaster, the elasticity of her mind raises it speedily to its former elevation after the first pressure, and she endeavours to conceive some plan for removing it altogether; while, under repeated blows of less weight, it would remain depressed. Thus there may be traced the same difference between the forti-

tude displayed by the sexes, as between a block of oak and a silken cushion—a hatchet will sever the one at a blow, but scarce an instrument can be found to divide the other with a similar effort. This was exemplified in Louise, to whom the recent occurrence was even more distressing than to Charles, as it affected her pride as well as happiness; yet she bore it better than him, the reason of which may be found in the influence of affection over her heart; but ere we reach this conclusion, it will be necessary to dive into one of the grand causes of that vanity, that hauteur, so prevalent amongst the fair ones of the softer sex. Woman is by custom cut off from many rational pleasures of which the lords of the creation claim the exclusive enjoyment. She is deemed pedantic, and stigmatised as a blue-stocking, if her studies extend to the higher branches of literature, philosophy, and science; and this with the necessary absence of those circumstances of mental employment which belong exclusively to man, and call forth much of his energy, compel her, in a measure, to engage her time in trifles; and if she can sing an Italian air, write a madrigal in French, and distort nature upon paper, she is considered as all-accomplished. With what then is she to employ her mind? She may *unbend* it in a thousand amusements, but how *use* it? (for, like a bow, if never applied to its proper use, it loses its spring.) The natural consequence then, is, that she imbibes a love of those gew-gaw vanities, dress, and jewellery—she becomes *vain* and proud at seeing man, with all his superior advantages, become her willing slave—and the development of the true tendency of her mind becomes a hopeless task! But love does that which her tutors have forgotten—teaches her reasoning powers how to act—by pointing out the difference between superficial pleasures and those of a more solid nature. This is not, however, always the case, for the attachment to glitter and finery is frequently so deeply ingrafted as to supersede domestic comfort; and then it is that a few wholesome troubles are of the utmost value, as they bid

her seek for consolation at the true fountain head, her husband's bosom. Louise would very probably thus have acted, and so long as wealth could purchase transient pleasures, she would have pursued them, and always have been dissatisfied with home; now, however, she saw the futility of the idle chace through the very necessity of abandoning it, and she quitted it without a murmur. She who, two days before, thought she could only exist amid the haunts of fashion, now felt happy—thrice happy!—by her husband's side in an obscure lodging. So little do we creatures of the moment know our own minds.

Hour succeeded hour, and Charles remained in a state of gloomy inaction, every sense being stupified with despair; but his was not a selfish grief, it being principally on Louise's account that he felt, as he knew that her gaiety was assumed, and it rent his heart to think that all the promises he had made her were become void. In vain did the beautiful girl exert her every blandishment—in vain were even her caresses—and at length, almost heart-broken, she burst into tears.

It was a sudden, a frightful event, which had plunged Charles into his temporary lethargy, and it required something no less unexpected to awaken his mental energies, and cause them to react; this action, therefore, of his wife's in the midst of her smiles, like a sudden shower on a sunny day, aroused every faculty, and made him start upon his feet. "I am at length decided," he said firmly, "I cannot live and see you reduced to poverty—death would be far preferable—we will therefore separate!"

"Separate, Charles!" exclaimed Louise, with astonishment.

"Yes, my beloved!—it would be like a dagger in my heart to see you forced to partake of that bitter cup of which I must drink deeply—you shall join your mother upon the Continent, and you can still live upon your small stipend; as before, until better times arrive; whilst I—yes—I am decided—I will enter as a common soldier the ranks of that very regiment over which my father commands!"

The flush of re-awakened pride, for a moment suffused Louise's cheek at these words, but it quickly gave place to an angelic smile, as softly stepping up to Peregrine, she entwined her fairy arm about his neck, leaned her head upon his bosom, and looking up into his face with bewitching tenderness, gently whispered, "Then I, Charles, will follow, and carry your knapsack."

"Curse me, if you do!" shouted Colonel Peregrine, bursting into the room, and catching her to his heart—"My own, darling, beautiful little treasure; were all the splendours you were so wont to admire heaped together, and yourself placed unadorned amidst them, you would outshine them all;" and pressing her still closer in his arms, he kissed her repeatedly.

"May I ask, sir, what I am to infer from this?" said Charles, like one awakened from a dream.

"Why that you are the happiest dog alive," cried the colonel. "Take her to your arms, you rogue!—you have my full consent—and, in giving you a good wife, I give a gem which the mines of Golconda, and Tobosi to boot, cannot equal!"

"Father!—and do you really mean all this, after your letter of yesterday to me?" said Charles, scarcely recovered from his astonishment.

"Mean it, you dog!—yes, to be sure. But I'll tell you all about it. I thought, by something said by my

lady here, the day before marriage, that she was undeserving of you—(the little blessing, how could I ever form such an opinion of her)—and so I was resolved to try if it were really the case. You know how I acted, (though by the bye, the tale of giving up my house was all a joke;) and to-day I dogged you here, and have had my eye and ear to the key-hole, alternately, the whole morning; for I soon made friends with the people below, through the means of Symmonds, and they suffered me to do as I pleased. The result is in the highest degree satisfactory to me, without doing either of you any harm. You, my child," he continued, turning to Louise, "will henceforth place less value upon that which you have hitherto thought so much of. You have also learned the importance of the duteous love of a wife, which had you not shown, would have caused your ruin. And to you, Charles, the experiment has proved the worth you possess in your wife; which, in a state of continued affluence, you might else never have discovered. All is, therefore, as it should be; I restore your fortune, and will endow your Louise with a sum to equal it; and I trust your future affection towards each other will prove, that the remembrance ever lives upon your minds of *the day before, the day of, and the day after,* MARRIAGE.

HAPPINESS.

BY WILLIAM MINOT, JUN. ESQ.

THOU Pow'r! from whom our Milton's genius sprung,
Who tun'd his lyre, and prompted as he sung—
Who breath'd upon the sweet, entrancing shell,
'Till on his ear celestial harpings fell—
While he in breathless silence, list'ning, caught
Th' harmonious beauty of inspir'd thought!
Oh! let me gaze on thine impassion'd face,
And catch, perchance, one hallow'd beam of grace.
Let Inspiration nerve my feeble course,
And chast'ning Wisdom guide me to her source,
And temp'ring all into a perfect whole,
Exalt to ecstasy the Poet's soul!

Such is my pray'r, but ah ! how vain the hope
 That pow'rs untutor'd should with Genius cope—
 And yet th' uncultur'd spot where never grows
 The bright narcissus, or the fragrant rose,
 May boast the violet that perfumes the gale,
 And lovelier still the lily of the vale.

Why do we spurn the good by Nature giv'n—
 Why frustrate all the kind intents of Heav'n ?
 Is it that Folly lures us on to pain—
 Some wayward phantasy that fills the brain ?

Mark well the grave deportment of yon peer,
 A statesman by his clouded brow of care :
 Ambition tempted him in evil hour
 To climb the giddy pinnacle of pow'r ;
 Proud of contention, panting to be great,
 Behold him struggling with opposing fate—
 He gains the summit—are his hopes at rest—
 Does yielded grandeur satisfy his breast ?
 Ah no ! distracting cares his joys corrode,
 And gath'ring factions press their hated load !
 Betray'd by friends—and harass'd by his foes—
 His disappointed mind no quiet knows—
 The rage of Bellingham disturbs his rest,
 Haunts his wild dreams—and agitates his breast.
 Sated at length with all the pomp of state,
 Worn out, enfeebled, miserably great,
 He reads delighted his long-sought release,
 And steals from public cares to rural peace !

Or view the warrior thirsting for command,
 Mount his wild barb, and wave his conqu'ring brand.
 Behold him combatting with thousands, where
 Low groaning anguish swells the troubled air ;
 Where heaps of carnage strew the blood-dyed plain,
 And War's dread tumult marks her savage reign !
 What tho' his manly soul alike defies
 The steel that glitters, or the shaft that flies—
 What tho' he deals around the blows of death,
 And dreams of conquest, and his laurel wreath,
 He falls amid the shouts of victory ;
 And from re-echo'd plaudits turns to die !

See ! where the freighted vessel bends her sail,
 Which fills and deepens to the rising gale :
 How gracefully she walks her stately course,
 And stems the rippling wave with gentle force !
 Ah ! little does her wealthy owner deem
 That hidden rocks will break his golden dream—
 That the rich stores which swell her ample bulk
 Will soon lay floating round a shatter'd hulk.
 A treach'rous avarice lur'd him to the deep,
 Then left the disappointed wretch to weep !
 His fortunes gone—his flatt'ring hopes decay'd—
 He feeds his griefs in some sequester'd shade !

When first enamour'd of his darling fair,
 The ardent youth exhausts a lover's care—

Dwells on each glance and treasures ev'ry sigh,
 Affection speaking from his raptur'd eye—
 Each word, each action, brightens into love,
 And on the seraph wings of joy his moments move !
 —But yesterday so gay—ah ! wherefore now
 That slow dejected step and pallid brow ?
 Does some vain fear alarm his anxious breast,
 Or Disappointment's withering frown molest ?
 The hour of promis'd happiness so near,
 Why then that frenzied look—that troubled air !
 Are all his hopes for ever, ever fled—
 Is his heart's idol, his own Emma, dead ?
 Ah yes ! relentless Death has urg'd her doom,
 And hurried all her beauty to the tomb !
 That lovely form so soon to grace his bow'r,
 And throw enchantment round each smiling hour—
 That lovely form, so late his tend'rest care,
 “ Has sought the grave to sleep for ever there.”
 Lo ! where he kneeling clasps her virgin urn,
 And in impassion'd wo delights to mourn !
 A deeply-cherish'd melancholy reigns
 In his sear'd heart, and runs thro' all his veins—
 He rolls his gaze along this hated space,
 While his soul pants for Emma's pure embrace.

Are there not charms in virtuous grief which fill
 The heart with sadness, and delight it still ?
 A pensive joy that weans us from this life,
 And lifts the soul above its busy strife ?
 A melancholy grace that chast'ning pours
 A soften'd balm along our silent hours ?
 Ask Emma's lover, and his tears will tell
 How dear the memory of her last farewell !

Mark the light smiles that speak the mother's bliss,
 Whilst o'er her sleeping babe she breathes the kiss !
 Do no harsh thoughts her tender hopes destroy—
 Does no disturbing vision cloud her joy ?
 None—till disease arrests his infant breath,
 And the lost cherub steals to early death !

When youthful Genius bright'ning into day,
 Strikes his wild lyre, impatient of delay ;
 What ardent dreams his rising soul engage,
 What eager beauties crowd along his page !
 His glowing muse enchanted loves to trace
 The charm of Nature in each varied grace ;
 To pause and own the loveliness that strays
 About her form, and wins his joyful gaze—
 To bless the hand which all these gifts bestow'd,
 Until his praises mount to Nature's God !
 His trembling muse at length exults to claim
 From public taste her modicum of fame.
 Some snarling critic, urg'd by jealous rage,
 Blasts the high promise of his glowing page ;
 Some disappointed dunce, who lately strove
 By *dulcet* rhymes the *giddy* town to move ;
 Who, wed to folly, would hunt Genius down,
 And trample, fiend-like, on his lawful crown ;

Calls forth his driv'ling censures to dismay,
 And clouds the brightness of his early day !
 This let the chaste Montgomery* attest,
 Whose graceful visions live in every breast.
 This truth let White†, the son of science prove,
 Who tun'd his voice to themes of heav'nly love.
 Meek was his soul, and all unfit to bear
 The fate that follows Fashion's bitter sneer ;
 Neglect's cold aspect chill'd the poet's pride,
 Till, all-unnerv'd, he broke his lyre—and died !
 And thou, too, Chatterton, what gave the blow,
 The ignominious wound that laid thee low ?
 What tho' thy heart beat high with hope, that threw
 Enchantment o'er thy woes, and Fancy too
 Array'd in all her brilliant promise brought,
 On her wild wing the deep romantic thought—
 The youthful transport—say, could these have borne
 Gaunt Poverty or chas'd neglectful scorn ?
 Would'st thou have died so young ? Would'st thou have lost
 The rich reward of Genius, and its boast ?

Is then all hope of Happiness so vain ?
 Do we but live to murmur and complain ?
 View yon fair cot just peeping thro' the wood !
 There, a blest pair, by no crush'd hope subdued,
 Pass the calm tenor of their useful day,
 Where Nature wears her loveliest array :
 No vain regrets corrode their graceful joys,
 No airy good, or fancied ill, annoys,
 But softly glide their peaceful moments by
 In the mild flow of sweet tranquillity !
 Their tender offspring, too, their bliss improve—
 The dear cement of their connubial love.—
 And should some cause of virtuous wo appear
 To dim the pleasures of their bright career ;
 Their grateful pray'rs in pious accents move,
 And Resignation mingles with their love—
 Religion, meekly smiling, lends her pow'r
 To soothe affliction in its tortur'd hour—
 Relieving Mercy hears their tender plaint,
 And lulls the sadness of each soft complaint.
 Their hopes are founded on unfailing Truth,
 And disappointment frowns not on their youth.
 And when long years have past—benignant Peace
 Smiles on their end, and points their last release :
 With hearts all full of heav'nly bliss they move
 From Time's vain limits to Eternal Love.
 This, this is happiness—is joy divine—
 Oh ! may a life like theirs, with such a close be mine !

* The Bard of Sheffield, some of whose early productions were the subject of much malevolent criticism.

† Henry Kirke White.

THE ATHENIAN MARTYRS.

A TALE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE RESCUED TEMPLAR.

THE marble quarries in the mountain of the Pentelicus, near Athens, afforded a safe refuge to the Christian who fled from the persecutions which disgraced the reign of Dioclesian. Here they were enabled to perform their religious duties without interruption, for the people of Athens were too busily engaged in the pursuit of more refined pleasures to care for the luxury of persecutions. Claudius Pulcher, the prefect of Achaia, was as little inclined to enlarge the list of martyrs; he was an old soldier whose services had been rewarded by the gift of a government not supposed to require extraordinary energy; and Claudius, availing himself of the implied licence to live at his ease, left the state to take care of itself as best it might. The sanguinary edicts of the emperor were thus totally disregarded; for Claudius, far from encouraging informers, detested the whole race, not because they were base, but because they were troublesome; the advice of the philosophers, to check a dangerous superstition, was unheeded, for Claudius had little knowledge of Greek, and far less taste for long speeches; and the complaints of the heathen priests were less ceremoniously spurned, because that the prefect, in his youth, had been an attendant in the temple, and preserved a vindictive remembrance of the tyranny with which he had been treated by his superior. Never were a ruler and people better matched than Claudius and the lively Athenians; they saw their splendid dramas regularly exhibited, they witnessed the intellectual contests of sophists, they enjoyed their varied and graceful games, consigning care to the winds. Their governor, who disliked pleasures that required thought, left the people to their own enjoyments, quite satisfied if he was allowed to drink his Chian wine without interruption. In this negligence the Christians daily increased in number, and at length the priests, alarmed at the rapid decrease of their profits,

petitioned the emperor to put an end to this dangerous system of toleration.

Claudius had just returned from a ride through the groves of the academy, and had begun a long lecture to his niece, Sabina, for neglecting the fashionable amusements suited to her age and station, when a courier was announced, the bearer of an imperial rescript. With a hearty curse against state papers of every description, Claudius gave orders that the messenger should be admitted. He brought a mandate, imperatively requiring the deputy to seek out and exterminate the Christians, and commanding him to employ the assistance and advice of Caius Marcius in executing the prescribed commission. "I knew, by Hercules," said Claudius, as he declared to his niece the contents of the packet, "I knew that our friend, the priest of Mars, was at the bottom of this business. May his own gods confound him! It is only a week since he brought two philosophers before the tribunal for atheism, and subjected me to the infliction of three speeches, each longer than the Iliad, of which, by the way, I did not understand a syllable. They, however, consented to sacrifice to the 'fortune of the emperor,' and thus saved me from the trouble of pronouncing sentence, and the pain of presiding at an execution. But these Christians are such obstinate brutes, that I might as well try to persuade a Cretan to endanger his life, as one of them to preserve it."

The delivery of this tirade prevented Claudius at first from noticing the severe emotions by which his niece seemed to be agitated; but when at the conclusion he observed her pale cheek, tearful eye, and quivering lip, he affectionately inquired whether she was unwell.

Truth was a fixed principle in Sabina's character; she unhesitatingly answered in the negative.

"Then what ails the silly girl?"

"I shudder, my dear uncle, at the thought of witnessing a repetition of those dreadful scenes which we saw in Rome. Do you not remember when the brave Herennius was torn from the bosom of his family, and sentenced to a cruel and lingering death? Did you not hear of the monstrous tyranny that forced his wife and children to witness the horrid agonies of his fearful end?"

"Yes," said the prefect, "I remember it well. Herennius was my best, my oldest friend. We stood by each other in many a well fought field; when he unfortunately went to live in Rome, and became, I know not how or why, a Christian. His son, however, escaped, and I think a letter in this packet says that he is lurking about Athens. I wish I could give him warning; one would not like to sentence the son of an old friend."

Sabina grasped her uncle's hand, when the name of Marcius was announced. She folded herself in her veil, and immediately quitted the apartment; on us, therefore, devolves the task of introducing the visitor.

Marcius, one of the most bitter persecutors in that persecuting age, was a young man who had scarcely reached his thirtieth year. Depraved ambition was his ruling passion; not that generous and noble feeling which excites to noble deeds, but that jealous envy which seeks to raise itself on the ruins of another's fame. Subtle, treacherous, and malignant, he was a bitter enemy and a false friend. Yet did his form not give any indication of his vicious character. He was rather under the middle size, his features were regular, and a flattering smile seemed eternally to possess his lips. By the interest of some friend he had been appointed priest of the Temple of Mars, at Athens; but as that rude deity was never a favourite with the Greeks, he found himself and his god equally neglected.

"Well, most noble prefect," he began, in an insinuating tone, "our pious emperor has resolved to check the progress of that impious superstition which threatens to render our temples deserted and our altars desti-

tute. Can you believe, gallant soldier, that in an empire which traces its descent from the god of war, that months have elapsed since a sacrifice smoked in the Temple of Mars?"

"Believe it! Yes, to be sure—what have the Athenians to say to Mars? A nation of fiddlers, dancers, players, sophists, buffoons, and philosophers, worship the god of war! Why the stout old bully would jump from his pedestal, and kick them out of the temple."

"And yet they are found attentive to other deities."

"Oh yes! they worship Minerva, she is a philosopher, and doubtlessly can reason as long and as learnedly as Hermippus, who talked me deaf and you dumb the other day; Mercury, of course, is a pet in a nation of eternal praters; and Bacchus—in faith, I like the worship of the jolly god myself."

"Alas! that you will indulge this levity when the interests of the empire are endangered by the neglect of the worship of those deities to whose protection it owes all its extent and duration. Our negligence has already brought us into extreme danger, and the offended gods have roused the Parthians to assail us, while secret plots for our destruction are formed on every side."

"O holy Jupiter!" growled the irritated prefect, "am I never to hear any thing from you but these absurd tales of plots? How many sleepless nights and toilsome watches have your informations given me already? And all absolutely for nothing."

"But there is really a dangerous plot contrived by the Christians, who meet in the caves of the Pentelicus; they are determined this very night to issue from their lurking places, to set Athens on fire, and murder all the loyal subjects of the emperor."

"A hopeful project truly! and who may be your informant?"

"One, by whom I was never yet deceived."

"Well, my informant is one by whom I often have been deceived, and so I do not believe a word of it."

"Then you will not order out the guards, and place centinels at proper posts?"

"I will not."

"Nor take order for arresting the Christian traitors at the Pentelicus."

"I do not believe that any meet there; besides, I am not inclined to make a tedious march by night."

"Far would it be from my wishes to harass one whom honourable service in the cause of his country has now rendered unable to endure fatigue; but if you will entrust me with the command of a party, I shall arrest the conspirators myself, and bring them before you."

Claudius hesitated; the imperial mandate which he had that day received, prevented him from uttering the refusal that he meditated; and at the same time a lurking suspicion that Marcius intended to supplant him in the government by a display of superior zeal, rendered him unwilling to delegate his authority. After a brief pause, he asked, "Can you name any of these conspirators?"

"Yes," replied Marcius; "there are Demetrius, a fugitive from Antioch; Probus, the bishop, as they call him, of Philippi; and Herdonius, the son of that hoary traitor Herennius."

As he pronounced the last name, a shriek was heard in an adjoining apartment, and Claudius hurrying towards the door, said, "Well, Marcius, I suppose some exertion must be made, I shall get a troop in readiness, and be ready to accompany you an hour after midnight."

The road from Athens to the mountain was, during the brief space of Athenian independence, one of the most lovely spots in Attica; it wound through groves of olive and fig gardens to the romantic village of Gargettus, midway between the city and the mountain, being about ten miles distant from each. From the village to the quarries the ground was laid out in a succession of those terraces which the inhabitants of Attica had constructed and covered with imported earth, in order to remedy the barrenness of their soil. But after Athens was subjugated, and her commerce destroyed, these improvements had been neglected; the groves became tangled thickets, the gardens lay in ruin, and the terraces mouldered

away. The road, however, preserved much of former loveliness even in desolation—the shrubs, though wild, were fragrant, and the grass that grew over the terraces was mingled with countless wild flowers, which seemed, by their brilliant hues, to mock at ruin. The evening was just beginning to close, when a female figure was seen speeding with rapid steps towards the village of Gargettus; her figure was completely hidden by a long robe, such as was usually worn by matrons, but the lightness of her step, and the elasticity of her tread, showed that she was in the bloom of youth. As we have no secrets with our readers, we hesitate not to tell them, that the female was Sabina, and being in the humour for making communications, we shall relate some part of her previous history.

Sabina was the daughter of the prefect's sister. Her father, an eminent warrior, had fallen in the war against the barbarians of the north; and grief for his loss soon deprived her of her second parent. She was then entrusted to the guardianship of the wife of Herennius, and was by her secretly instructed in the forbidden doctrines of Christianity. There was something in the simple and touching purity of the gospels, that even in childhood attracted the heart of the gentle Sabina. Her tender soul clung to a creed of mercy, and a religion of love, which awakened responsive echoes in her own affectionate breast. Naturally timid, she shrunk from the avowal of a belief which she knew to be unpopular, and though she avoided participation in the pagan ceremonies, she shrunk from the hazards that were incurred by those who joined in Christian worship. Herdonius, the companion of her childhood, was a splendid example of that rare character, a Christian warrior; spirited, energetic, and daring, he yet was humble and unostentatious. He feared nothing but guilt, he shrunk from no dangers but those that threatened his integrity. Sabina and Herdonius loved each other fondly and tenderly, but the name of love was never mentioned by either; "they took sweet counsel together," and shared in the

exercises of devotion, by which the true Christian expresses at once his dependence on Omnipotence and his gratitude to an Almighty benefactor. On the return of Claudius from the East, she went to reside with her uncle, but as his mode of life was not exactly suited to her taste, she spent the greater part of her time with the family of Herennius, learning daily the value of true religion by the precepts she heard and the practice she witnessed; and becoming unconsciously more attached to Herdonius, whose character grew more noble as it was more fully developed. The fatal calamity by which the household of Herennius was broken up has been already mentioned. Shortly after, Sabina accompanied her uncle to his prefecture in Achaia, and perhaps the lenity with which he regarded the Christians might in some degree be attributed to her influence. The beauty of Sabina, and the wealth of her uncle, attracted a crowd of suitors, and Marcius among the rest. They were all dismissed kindly, but firmly; however, in repelling the pertinacious suit of Marcius, she incautiously expressed her disapprobation of his character in terms that savoured of loathing, and her uncle, who disliked the busy meddler, added some expressions of contempt which were neither forgiven nor forgotten. The frequent excursions of Sabina to Gargettus, excited the suspicions of Marcius; he rightly conjectured that she was led thither by something more powerful than a love of romantic scenery, and at length, by means of his spies, discovered that she had secret interviews with a young Christian, whom, from the description, he knew to be Herdonius. Stung by jealousy, and warmed by bigotry, he complained to the authorities in Rome that the Christians were acquiring strength in Athens, and the result was the mandate with which our readers have been already made acquainted. When Sabina heard the arrangement made for the arrest of the Christians in the Pentelicus, she resolved if possible to save her lover and his associates; she waited impatiently until her uncle had placed himself down to the wine cup, and knowing that he was not

likely to quit his employment for some hours, she borrowed the veil belonging to one of the household, and took the road to Gargettus.

On approaching the village, she diverged into a side path which led to a farm-house at some distance from the road. She approached and tapped at the door; it was opened by a venerable matron, with whom she interchanged a few words of recognition. At the sound of her voice, a young man from the interior sprung forward and exclaimed—

“Sabina here! and at this hour?”

“Yes, Herdonius, I have come to save you; your retreat is discovered; the blood hounds are on your track—fly ere it be too late; before morning dawns, the cruel Marcius will have beset all the paths with soldiers; in a few hours he comes with my uncle to Pentelicus.”

“A life dear to you must be valuable, Sabina, else could I almost allow the victim to be seized in his lair; I will away to warn my brethren of the danger, and persuade them to escape towards Thessaly.” “Alas!” said Sabina, “there is no longer time, your death is certain unless your escape be immediate; save your brethren you cannot, perish with them you may.” “And perish with them, I will,” said the young hero, “rather than desert the paths of duty. What is this life compared with the blessings purchased for us in another by the Author of our faith? And what am I in comparison with Demetrius and Probus, men whose zeal is fast extending their master’s kingdom? No; death has for me no terrors, but life purchased for me by leaving my brethren to the mercy of the spoiler, and sacrificing the Gospel for the privilege of lingering out a miserable existence, I dread as the worst of tortures.”

“Then I will accompany you, Herdonius; if you escape, I shall know of your safety; if you are taken, I will plead with my uncle, who reveres the memory of Herennius.”

The young man vainly remonstrated; they proceeded together towards the Pentelicus. Exhausted by previous fatigue and intense anxiety, Sabina soon showed signs of weakness, and

Herdonius, forgetting the importance of each moment, frequently stopped to give her a little rest; at length, when near the appointed place, she sunk on the earth and fainted. It was some time before she recovered, and her first words were an entreaty that Herdonius would abandon her and fly. After a moment's pause, he raised her in his arms, and, unbent by the lovely burden, hurried onwards to the recess where the Christians were as usual assembled to usher in the morning with prayer.

He hurried into the midst of the congregation, and hastily consigning Sabina to the care of a Christian sister, turned to Probus, the officiating minister, and said, "Fathers and brethren, we are lost if we do not instantly fly."

Driven from the haunts of men,
Sharing with the beasts their den,
From our homes and friends exil'd,
Hunted wanderers on the wild;
Yet our God descends to bless
His followers in the wilderness;
Foes may chase and friends deceive us—
"HE will not forsake or leave us."

Vainly persecuting wrath
Tracks our steps, besets our path;
Vain is all the heathen's ire,
Vain the axe, the rack, the fire—
In the midst of blood or flame
Our Protector is the same;
Of His aid can none bereave us—
"HE will not forsake or leave us."

The rude shouts of the soldiery interrupted the singers; they rushed in with swords and torches, but their presence created no confusion in the assembly; there was no attempt to resist, no effort to escape. The intruders were astounded, and suddenly paused; but soon the voice of Marcius was heard ordering them to secure the prisoners. Twenty-five men and thirteen women were bound, but the soldiers, awed by their patient endurance, performed their task with a gentleness unusual in any age of persecution. Sabina eagerly asked for the prefect, but was informed that he had been too indolent to join the party, and had transferred his power to Marcius. With a mute gesture, she recommended to Herdonius silence and submission, but he rushed to snatch her from the sol-

The galloping of horse distinctly heard at once proved the truth of the danger, and the impossibility of escape. There was still a chance that the cavern might not be noticed by the pursuers; it was slight, however, for the increasing dawn was fast illuminating the eastern side of the mountain, but even this was destroyed by the obstinate enthusiasm of Chares, one of the deacons, who suddenly broke forth with the morning hymn, and was joined by several voices. The hymn, as was usual, referred to one of the passages that had been previously read from the Gospel by the officiating minister, and at the moment he was interrupted by the entrance of Herdonius, he had just read the consoling passage, "I will never leave you nor forsake you."

diery. The first motion of the young man roused the instinctive spirit of resistance, and several rushed furiously upon the guard. "Save yourself, and bear the tidings to my uncle," said Sabina, as Herdonius attempted her rescue; he obeyed her commands, and with eight others broke through the ranks and fled.

It was late in the day when the prisoners were marched into Athens; Sabina, though wearied by the toils of the preceding night, sunk not under the additional fatigue, and preserved her incognito until the moment when Marcius came to deliver his prisoners to the governor of the jail. This functionary stood aghast when he found the niece of the prefect among his prisoners, and hesitatingly looked to Marcius.

The priest of Mars was agitated by mixed feelings, but those of revenge and bigotry prevailed. In a scornful tone, he said, "The elegant and refined Sabina, too, among the Christians! She must accompany her fellows." Sabina was then consigned to a solitary cell.

Time rolls heavily for the captive; nine days passed, during which Sabina saw no one but an officer of the prison, who placed the daily allowance of food before her in silence, and retired. To every inquiry respecting her uncle, he was obstinately silent; and to her requests to convey some communication respecting her situation, he gave a decided negative. On the morning of the tenth day, the governor of the prison entered her apartment. Her entreaties were not wanting to move his heart, for he, without waiting for questions, addressed her in tones that marked deep commiseration.

"Lady, it was thought by those who now command, that the news of your uncle's death would unnecessarily add to your present affliction; and Marcius, the new prefect, strictly forbade the servants to mention it; but within three hours you must appear in the circus before the priests and deputies, and I think it right to tell you, lest that you should persevere in your superstition, trusting to a patron who no longer exists."

Sabina uttered a wild shriek and fainted. The governor flew to her assistance; she soon, however, recovered, and earnestly asked the particulars of her guardian's decease. These were sufficiently brief; he died of apoplexy on the very night she left home, before her absence had been discovered. We must leave her absorbed in her sorrow to view a more harrowing spectacle.

The Athenians, unlike their Roman masters, detested the very sight of bloodshed; so far were they from enjoying the gladiatorial exhibitions in which the Latins delighted, that they would not even allow a murder to be represented on their stage. The summons, therefore, that called them to witness a barbarous execution, or rather massacre, was the source of universal indignation. Still, however,

as absence was likely to provoke the suspicion and hostility of the new deputy, few ventured to disobey, and at the hour of noon the great circus was completely filled with spectators. The countenances of the Greeks showed disgust, those of the Romans were soured by disappointment, for the fun expected from witnessing the destruction of the victims by wild beasts could not be enjoyed, as the deputy had received, in answer to his application, a reply that the imperial menagerie was scarcely sufficient to supply the entertainments at Rome, and consequently that no animals could be spared for the provinces. The area of the circus presented rather an imposing appearance; opposite the entrance was erected the tribunal of the prefect, and on each side were seats for the local magistrates of Athens; nearly in the centre was erected an altar to Jupiter, round which the priests and their attendants stood in the splendid robes of sacrifice. Two troops of Thracian spearmen, and a large body of Cretan archers, were drawn up in detached lines between the tribunal and the altar. To the right stood a block on a heap of saw-dust, by which sate the headsman and his assistants; they were Mauritanians, and their dark countenances, rendered more glaring by a gaudy but scanty dress, increased the thrill of horror naturally felt at the sight of executioners; on the left was a wooden building resembling a close pen, the palings were so close that no one within could see what occurred abroad, and it was covered above with a canvas roof. In this the prisoners were kept until summoned by name into the presence of the judges.

Marcus, accompanied by the archers and some leading senators, entered the circus; his shouts of applause marked his arrival—he was allowed to take his seat in perfect silence. Proclamation was made by the herald that no one should dare to interrupt the proceedings on pain of death; and by way of an efficient commentary on this denunciation, the Cretan archers were ordered to string their bows and uncover their quivers.

The four first that were brought be-

fore the judges, when asked to sacrifice at the altar, made no reply, but quietly walked of their own accord to the place where the executioner stood, and laying their heads on the block, submitted to death without a murmur. Probus was the fifth victim; though apparently in the extreme of old age, his step was firm, his bearing erect; a few grey hairs scattered thinly over his temples added to the interesting effect of a head moulded in what was deemed from the earliest ages an intellectual form; a brilliant eye, whose fire age had not quenched, gave an expression of firmness to a countenance whose features seemed otherwise to evince only patience and humility. The looks of most of the judges expressed pity, the murmurs of the crowd were audible. When he refused to apostatize, several of the Athenians interfered to stop Marcius from giving the fatal signal, and strenuously exhorted the aged bishop to comply with the usual requisition. He rejected all their entreaties, and casting a glance round on the assembled multitude, addressed them in the following terms—

“Men and brethren, I come here to testify by my death the truth of those doctrines which I have taught. You know, from the writings of your own poets and philosophers, that this universe, with all its beauties and all its glories, sprung from chaos, at the command of an Almighty Creator. The race of men whom he first placed upon the earth waxed fierce in their impiety; they outraged the Majesty of Heaven, and denounced war against the Highest. Then came the vengeance of the Omnipotent: a world of waters rolled over hill and mountain, proud cities and towering pinnacles sunk beneath the flood, and the earth so lately radiant in life and loveliness was one universal charnel-house. A remnant was saved; their sons and their daughters multiplied, until once more earth had nations, and tongues, and people. Soon again they lapsed from the worship of the true God, but still they feared the vengeance of Divinity, and tried to conciliate his favour by costly sacrifices and smoking hecatombs. Insatiate fools! All the beasts of the forest are His, and His the cattle on

a thousand hills. Pitying the delusion of our erring nature, God, who at sundry times and in divers manners intimated his will to our fathers, hath now revealed himself to us by his Son. Born of a woman, invested with the form of a servant, yet armed with all the power of Deity, he opened to mortals the way of immortality by a life of poverty and a death of pain. That elysium of which your poets dreamed is the sure inheritance of his faithful followers; death is to them a path to a life, a brief passage to eternal glory and exhaustless happiness. We know that our Redeemer liveth, and that once again he shall stand upon the earth—not as a lowly stranger, despised and rejected of men, but as a King and a Judge, before whose dread tribunal princes, powers, and potentates shall appear with slaves and peasants, all equal in his sight. There shall the judge and victim appear together, and each answer for his share in the proceedings of this day. My answer shall then be, I have finished my appointed labours, and kept my faith to the end. May you yet live to learn these truths; may you be able to face death as cheerfully as I do. I entreat of you to lay these things to heart. For myself, I ask no favour, solicit no pardon; but I do earnestly, fondly, and anxiously beseech you to take pity upon yourselves, and have mercy upon your own immortal souls.”

Having spoken thus, he went over to the fatal block, and, ere the multitude had recovered from the reverential silence which his address produced, Marcius gave the fatal signal with his finger, and the axe fell.

Sabina was next led out; the sight of an additional victim was sufficient to rouse the slumbering indignation of the Athenians, but the appearance of the niece of their late prefect was maddening. In an instant the circus was a wild scene of confusion and disarray; the spectators bounded over the galleries, and broke through the palings before the astounded soldiers could think of resistance. The tribunal was shattered, the altar overthrown, the deputy forced to fly through a private vacuity, the soldiers disarmed,

and the prisoners set free, in less time than has been occupied in the narration. It was all the work of a moment, but it had no sooner been completed than the consequences of having provoked the imperial wrath occurred to their recollection. Too generous, however, to seize those whom they had liberated, they loudly called on the Christians to save themselves by immediate flight. Sabina, ere she recovered from the stupor occasioned by this sudden change, found herself hurried away by a young man in a Spartan dress: at first she felt some alarm, but a well known voice whispered in her ear the word "Herdonius." All the fugitives escaped; notwithstanding the representations of Marcius no penalty was inflicted on the Athenians, for the emperor having some pretensions to the title of a philosopher, wished not to hazard a quarrel with the whole world of literature, of which Athens was the capital.

Years rolled on; Constantine filled the imperial throne; Herdonius, whose valour had aided his elevation, was rewarded by the prefecture of Achaia; his wife Sabina devoted her life to repay the Athenians for their former gallantry. She was a parent to the orphan, a guardian to the destitute, a friend to the friendless. Christianity was now the established

religion of the empire; the ancient temples were neglected, the altars of the gods mouldered in decay. One evening she was informed that a stranger just arrived at the Peiræus, whose tattered garments showed by their texture that he had seen better days, was likely to perish of disease and want. She ordered the wretch to be brought to the palace, and went herself to give him nourishment. A glance sufficed to show that those features, wasted by misery and attenuated by famine, were the features of the once dreaded Marcius. Knowing the intense hatred of the Athenians to his very name, she sent for her husband. Before his arrival, the assistance given by the servants had restored him to consciousness; but he was unable to articulate a syllable. His look of impotent malice showed, however, that he recognized Herdonius and Sabina; nor during the five days that he survived did all their generous care extort from him a look of gratitude. Yet did they attend him as fondly as if he were a brother; and when he died, they honoured his remains with a funeral such as became a noble Roman.

The days of Sabina and Herdonius were long and happy, and their descendants were among the first officers of the state until the final destruction of the empire.

W. C. T.

MUSIC.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Oh! give me Music! let it fling
Its charmed balsam o'er my soul;
Like Love—it bears no hidden sting,
No surfeit, like the madd'ning bowl!
And when the toils and cares are o'er,
That meet us in the busy day;
Let Music round her influence pour,
And chase each ruder thought away!
Oh! give me Music! let the lute
Steal gently thro' each thrilling vein;
And I will listen—'tranc'd and mute,
And dream of Hope and Bliss again!
Then, let some strain of old romance
Call my 'rapt spirit to those hours;
When hearts were won by spear and lance,
And Love was chain'd in ladies' bowers.

Oh ! give me Music ! floating round
 In soft and liquid harmonies ;—
 I'll listen to each melting sound
 Till half my bosom's anguish flies !
 Oh ! give me Music ! let it fling
 Its balsam o'er my wounded soul ;
 Unlike Love's sweets, it hath no sting,
 No poison, like the madd'ning bowl !

SHE IS GONE !

BY THE LATE HARRY STOE VAN DYK, ESQ.

SHE is gone ! but the last parting beam of her eye
 Still trembles on memory's sight ;
 And the love-scented fragrance that breath'd from her sigh,
 Yet hangs round this spot with delight.
 Her voice still I hear in the sighs of the breeze,
 Her step in the fall of the dew ;
 And the lays of the warbler, at eve, in the trees,
 Seem to whisper her parting adieu.
 The spot shall be sacred, for Love cannot find
 Another so cherish'd as this ;
 The spirit of Mary here lingers behind,
 And charms ev'ry thought into bliss.
 As the fond bird will hover around her sad nest,
 When 'tis robb'd of its last cherish'd love,
 So roams ev'ry wish of the sensitive breast,
 Round the scenes of its earliest love !

LE LETTRE DE CACHET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

In the *ancien regime* of France there existed, amongst other instruments of tyranny and oppression, the *lettre de cachet*, or secret order, to dispose of the liberty of the subject, without any public trial, investigation, or warning whatever to him, or her, who became the victim of kingly, ministerial, or aristocratical malice. Under the seal of power, the unfortunate party disappeared, and was conveyed to some frightful fortress or dreary dungeon, there to be confined, with more or less severity, according as the vindictive feelings of the applicant for such measure were more or less violent. Base interest sometimes dictated this revolting proceeding, wounded pride, inflamed revenge, wild jealousy, or ungovernable lust. An heir, an expectant, a rival, or a dismissed favourite, by turns were disposed of by this atrocious remedy ; by it, one who stood in the way of the passions of princes and nobles, was effaced from the page of living history, and buried alive in a castle, a tower, a cell, or a tomb for the breathing skeleton, often treated with great severity, sometimes almost shut out from the light of heaven. The more remote the period of these black transactions, the deeper the dye of their iniquity ; the more absolute, ignorant, and prejudiced the countries where these horrors were perpetrated, the more frequent and revolting was the practice of them. Spain, Portugal, and the Germanic empire, abounded with these encroachments on the birthright of man. But it is of France, polished France, modern France, that we are about to speak ; finally, of France in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, at that period

when corruption was at its height, and was busy with the work of destruction.

At that period, when the gangrene had gained every part of the body politic, when the rot had seized upon every branch of the legislature, and impurity raged in every member of the state, when the source of justice was corrupted by bribery, ambition, and the swellings of pride, which owned not the equality of laws for the great and humble alike, and when the court, the senate, the tribunals of *soi disant* equity, but really of partial law, were inundated by abuses, and made subservient to criminal pleasures, and to other more criminal views; at that time, if the thirst for power visited prince or man in power, the *lettre de cachet* could secretly minister to its wants; and if the eye of concupiscence fell on a forbidden object, this convenient adjunct to absolute sway opened the way to enjoyment by banishing intervening impediments. Nothing was saved, nothing was respected. But of this enough. It is now time to come to the subject-matter of this short sketch, which will furnish a striking example of what has been stated.

Charles Florville entered the army at an early age. He was handsome, amiable, full of levity, and without fortune; born of an old family, which was almost extinct, he had neither interest, connections, nor acquaintance at court, was a stranger in the French capital, and in the great world, was ardent, artless, and unsuspecting. Fortunately for him, he was rather a favourite with his regiment, where he constantly resided, and by assiduity and good conduct obtained the rank of captain in the flower of his youth. Notwithstanding, however, his popularity with his corps, he had one quality which made him enemies amongst the high aristocracy of an absolute government; namely, a very independent, unbending, uncompromising disposition, jealous for his honour, and unwilling of constraint. Fond of the word liberty, and unfitted by Nature to advance his interests by intrigue and flattery. He, like most of his young comrades, gave up his whole

time to love and military duty; nor was he less a favourite in the bower of love, than in the field of Mars.

It chanced, whilst he was quartered in French Flanders, that he fell in love with the niece of a general officer in the Imperial service, who, having amassed some wealth, and still more military titles, decorations, and honours, had set his heart upon marrying Rosa, his adopted child, to some great man, either in France, Austrian Flanders, or Germany. Her heart, or rather her fancy, had taken another course, and, after an intelligence of inclinations being established between her and her lover (Captain Florville), they resolved on being united in the bonds of Hymen. In vain was the general's consent solicited, he would not hear of the alliance, so that the only resource was a clandestine marriage, which took place shortly after his excellency's refusal. It would seem as if

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his wide wings, and in a moment
flies;"

for Rosa had not long been united in the conjugal chain, ere she slipped off her fetters, and eloped with a German baron. The husband of a *matrimonio segreto*, furious with unabated love, wounded pride, and disappointment, flew after the fugitives, and overtook them at Brussels; but here Rosa's successful agency with the ambassador procured the arrest of her disowned partner, and he was ordered to quit the territory of Flanders, then under the Austrian yoke, within an hour. He had the rashness to challenge the ambassador, and was within a moment of being seized upon by an armed force, but escaped to Ostend, and from thence to England, where, after thinking in vain on a thousand projects, he at last found means to forward a letter to Count D—, commanding his regiment, and through him, and the Princess C—, obtained, after much difficulty, his pardon, and leave to rejoin his regiment.

The Princess C— was the *chère amie* of a prince of the blood royal, or rather of a branch of that family,

so that her success was certain ; but it went no further than his return, it not being foreseen that, after that period, a recommencement of hostility might devote its victim to ruin. No sooner was the captain's arrival in Paris known, through the police, to the new lover, (afterwards the husband of Rosa,) who was now in the French capital; than an application was made for a *lettre de cachet*, by virtue (or rather by the vice) of which he was seized in his hotel in the dead of the night, and conveyed, under a strong escort, by day and night, until he arrived at the place of his captivity, a fortress in the Isle St. Marguerite, *dans les mers de Provence*.

Here, severed from the world, and from every social link to bind him to existence, alone, without any resource for pastime or instruction, confined to a small apartment with a dark passage, lit by a glimmering lamp, communicating with a chapel, permitted only to walk, followed by a centinel, on the summit of the round tower, for one hour a day, and to hear mass through an iron grating, was he imprisoned without being arraigned, punished without cause of guilt, sentenced unheard, and that sentence not bearing any specific period of duration. He had not the means to appear, and to murmur was unavailing. Thus ended the summer of his life; despair pictured out to him the rest. Nor was this measure of infernal malice, sprung from misrule and the abuse of power, the last or harshest treatment which he met with. Having bribed, one day, a soldier of his guard to procure pen, ink, and paper, for him, and having written an account of his wrongs and of the oppressive treatment with which he met, during his rigorous confinement, he was surprised in the act of sealing the letter, which he intended to get forwarded to a brother officer, then enjoying some influence at court, and which he proposed paying the soldier for putting in the nearest post when occasion should offer.

This conduct was deemed a crime of the blackest dye by those who had charge of his person. Nay, the freedom of his language was treated as

completely treasonous, for which reason, a strong room, the abstraction of the light of heaven, except such as could penetrate through a loop-hole, for the discharge of musketry or gun shot from the dense wall, closer confinement, a scanty allowance, and the utmost barbarity of conduct on the part of his guards, was the punishment which he bore with fortitude for eleven years, added to the term of his previous incarceration.

The period of the Revolution had now arrived, and the victims of royal tyranny, or rather of the ministers and favourites of kings, who abused their confidence, kept truth from their ears, and suffering humanity from their eyes, were now delivered every where from bondage ; the Bastille and other tombs of the living gave up their sad inhabitants, and black deeds and faded features were brought to light. At the touch of freedom (albeit although afterwards misused) the massy bolts and bars, encrusted by time and closely adhering together, flew from their execrable embrace; the captive's fetters fell from his insulted limbs ; and he who had been forgotten by his fellow-man, stood now amongst the sons of liberty.

To the young and ardent, this change was overpowering, it was an intoxicating draught of delight ; but to him whose heart felt now the deadness of paralysis after its agonizing efforts to burst its bonds, it only produced the calm which gratitude to Providence, and an uncertain, fearful wish to cease to be, establishes in that bosom where earthly pleasure ceases to live.

The victim of the *ancien regime* arrived in the French capital, and presented himself before the National Assembly. He was complimented, received the rank which his years of captivity entitled him to ; but his soul was not republican ; in the triumph of an intemperate democracy he took no part, and sunk, although firm, into the loneliness of one whose hopes were blighted, and whose withered affections had now nothing to rest upon. The cruelty of unjust imprisonment, and, above all, of those inquisitorial, star-chamber, and *lettre de*

cachet arrests, is greatly heightened by the dislocating a member of society from his place amongst men, from the consideration which he would have enjoyed amongst his equals, and from throwing a blot upon his name and uncertainty on his existence, which no time or compensation can repair. No price can repurchase the jewel of lost liberty to him who has suffered exile or confinement; and he that has unjustly, nay even severely, thus dealt away a portion of the life of his fellow-man, has injured him beyond retribution, paid himself with more than his blood.

Lonely, and detached from home and country, arrested in his bright career of youth, freedom may come too late. He was like the poor bird long pent up in a prison-cage, which looks around in vain for the companions of its youth; it scarcely dares to soar, on feeble uncertain wing, into Heaven's expanse, the true state of liberty. Stranger to the feathered tribe, it is often met hostilely and destroyed, or mopes and sinks again into solitude in the midst of its own race. So does the man whose fetters have eaten into his heart's core, feel lost in the wide world; so is he unfitted, and often preyed upon, on entering a second time into the haunts of men; his spirits either mislead him, or his subdued soul only fits him for the cloister or the cell.

The colonel paced the streets and public gardens of Paris alone and dispirited, injured and not avenged; he was not a man to stand up as an example of oppression, to court popular notice, and to enjoy the broad stare of vulgar curiosity, to be consoled by pity, or to be elevated by the attentions of the rabble. One day, as he reclined on a chair in the garden du Luxembourg, a high-dressed woman descended from her carriage, and made that spot the extent of her morning promenade. She seated herself close by him, and his urbanity

induced him to rise and pay her his obeisances. She lifted up her veil, and it was Rosa—his wife, his enemy, his faithless one—she who had doomed him to a perpetual dungeon.

There are those who would have broken out into the bitterest accusations; others whose dagger would have drunk the blood of such a traitress; weak men who would have sunk beneath her withering glance; but agony and ecstasy were alike blotted out from life's tablets with him; his hopes, his fears, and his resentments all were at an end. Stifling a sigh, accompanied by a hectic flush, and concealing the change of countenance for a few moments in his handkerchief, he entered into conversation with her. French women are communicative, and he very soon drew out from her that she was married, and separated from her husband: she was unhappy and restless, the flower of youth had faded, and the reign of the passions had left an aching void behind. "Had she any children?" "Alas! no, that solace was denied her." "Had she only been married once?" Here she hesitated, turned pale, struggled for a moment with conflicting feelings, but at length called in dissimulation to her aid, and said, "Sir, that question is a delicate one; I will confess that I once loved, and only loved once." "And the object of your affection?" "I deceived, I ruined, he perished by my hand; but I have been severely punished for it, my peace is fled for ever; sir," in an emphatic tone, "inquire no further, he ceases to exist!" "Yes, madam," replied he, "he is dead to you and to the world, but he forgives you!" With these words he arose, and left the garden.

The baroness was removed in a state of insensibility, and never left her chamber afterwards but for a last home. The victim of the *lettre de cachet* quitted the capital, and died, in obscurity, of a broken heart. What has tyranny not to answer for?

* She believed that he was dead.

BAGATELLES.

BY MRS. CAREY.

I.

ON THE PROPOSED MODE OF CONVEYING ARTICULATE SOUNDS THROUGH
THE MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL RAILWAY.

OH, news of wonder! news of joy
To gossips through the nation!
'Twill Rumour's hundred tongues employ;
And cause a great *sensation*.

Scandal was wont to travel post;
But she'll disdain that stale way,
When she shall hear her vot'ries boast
Of railing by the *rail-way*.

Think, how delightful thus to send
The *on-dit* of the minute
To some dear sympathising friend,
Who'll take an int'rest in it!

Who—should this novel plan proceed—
May, in her turn, convey it
To ears, attent, on Thames or Tweed,
As quick as one can say it.

Grave folk, indeed, who value fame—
May dread this rare invention.
I care not—be it theirs to blame—
While I go on to mention—

How lovers, doom'd by Fate to part,
May thus hold sweet communion—
Pour forth each feeling of the heart,
Or plan a private union.

No need of writing—*billet-doux*
Will go quite out of fashion,
When tubes, that sound the gossips' news,
Shall breathe the lover's passion.

No postage then!—Ah! pause and think,
Ye rulers of the nation,
How low the revenue might sink
Through such a defalcation!

Yet ways and means might be devis'd,
The due supplies to handle.
Yes!—ministers might be advis'd
To lay a tax on Scandal!!

II.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS DEAR.

Belov'd, while single—woo'd, and won,
Thy lot might seem severe—
Thy honeymoon but just begun—
Thyself, no longer *Dear*.

But Hope suggests a happier fate
Thy wedded life may cheer—
Though chang'd thy name, a faithful mate
May ever call thee *Dear*.

FAME.

BY HENRY MONTAGUE.

Ah! what is Fame?—an empty sound—
 A gilded bait not worth the chase;
 An ignis-fatuus, when 'tis found,
 But ill repays the wearied race:
 A wreath of mist—a comet bright—
 A meteor strange the eye admires;
 One moment shines with splendid light,
 Next, in a gloomy cloud expires.
 Deceit lies hid within each smile,
 A thousand hidden dangers rise;
 And what's acquir'd by years of toil,
 In one unlucky moment dies.
 With aching heart and wearied feet,
 We climb the slipp'ry paths to Fame,
 And when we've gain'd its proudest seat,
 The wreath we find—an empty name.
 For Fame, the sailor on the main,
 Undaunted views the tempests rave;
 For Fame, the warrior on the plain
 In Glory's bosom finds a grave.
 These, duty—friendship—home forsake—
 Ambition's gilded chains to wear;
 The fairest gifts of Fortune stake,
 To seek a wreath of empty air.
 For Fame, your conqu'ring heroes rose,
 Whole nations into ruin hurl'd;
 And with the blood of millions flows
 The moaning of a suff'ring world.
 The wreath of Fame ambition wears
 Can nought but care and anguish bring;
 However bright its form appears,
 Within the breast it leaves a sting.
 Let him who seeks immortal Fame
 Take Wisdom for his social guide,
 And with invective genius claim
 The wreath ambition is denied.
 In social arts let him excel,
 Enlarging Wisdom's ample page;
 In science let his triumph swell,
 A blessing to the rising age.
 To him the sculptur'd tomb shall rise,
 Engrav'd in brass his name shall stand;
 On pinions swift his labour flies,
 Diffusing knowledge through the land:
 His country's love that man acquires,
 Receives a wreath of deathless Fame;
 Alive—the world his worth admires,
 And after-ages bless his name.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

No. I.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"I CANNOT make you a promise, Edward; indeed I cannot. I am very young, I am going a long way, and for an indefinite period, and it would be wrong in me to form a serious engagement."

"It is for that very reason I have ventured to speak to you to-night, and since I have the full sanction of my parents, who both love you—"

"I thank *them* sincerely, and—and I esteem *you*—but I can say no more. I cannot think of entering into any correspondence, or binding myself to any line of conduct."

"Then I shall lose you for ever—you will soon be the inhabitant of a great town; in your uncle's house you will meet many gay and wealthy visitors—men, too, of talents and abilities, calculated to put a young man of fewer pretensions quite out of your head. But will you, can you, meet one who loves you better—who has loved you half so long as I have?"

Fanny felt assured that she should not, and as she glanced over the really fine person of her lover, and recollected his many excellent qualities, and what she deemed his superior mind, together with his prospects, as the only son of idolizing parents, whose situation in life was superior to her own, she could not help feeling surprised at the humility expressed in the tone of his words and manners. She was little read in the human heart, and had no perception of the profound interest she had awakened, or the fervent passion she had infused in the breast of one who had loved her from his boyhood, and was well worthy of the return he solicited with equal modesty and sincerity. In considering it a duty called for by her youth and inexperience, to repel all thoughts of love, she had no idea of the pain she inflicted on one whom it was certain she had long beheld with exclusive preference, and to whom she now felt a degree of tender gratitude; for her young heart was unaware of the depth of its own sensibilities. She

shrunk wisely, and with true maidenly feelings of bashfulness, from any avowal which might class her with the *forward*, at a time when she was about to become an inmate with a bachelor uncle, for whom she felt not less respect than affection, and who could hardly fail to condemn such feelings in a girl of sixteen, and most probably extend his censures to those worthy parents who were totally ignorant of their existence.

Fanny kept her resolution, though it cost her many tears in the hour of darkness, when she set out, under the escort of a fond father, for the far distant abode of his more prosperous brother. Absorbed by her feelings, she was not aware that every traveller she encountered during the changes of a stage coach journey of two hundred miles, gazed at her as an object of surprise and admiration, for our heroine was really that extraordinary work of Nature, a perfect beauty. Her father was, however, compelled to experience that mingled sensation of pride and fear, which the eyes of all around them taught him to feel, and happy would he have been to know that the youth who had selected her had been accepted, as the medium of future safety and happiness, to one so fair, so dear, and so lightly portioned. He was a man of perfectly simple character, and unworldly knowledge, but who can live forty years in the world without being assured that beauty is a snare to its possessor? that a superior, though not cultivated, mind, and a taste for all that was beautiful in nature and art, too frequently facilitates the ruin of her whose loveliness it enhances? Many a heart-ache must follow the exultation of even the most gratified parent.

Fanny's uncle was a man of such superior, and, indeed, commanding powers, that in his society, and that of his friends, the unassuming but intelligent girl did indeed soon find herself in a new world. It is yet certain, that her exquisite beauty, the *naïveté*

of her manners, and the happy ignorance of her own attractions, which was apparent in every word and gesture, together with her sparkling vivacity, as awakened by the novelty and the agreeables of her situation, rendered her the more fascinating personage of the two, and accounted for the increased number of visitants who sought the dwelling of the poet, less to honour his genius than to gaze on his niece. Be this as it may, it soon became certain that several renewed their homage to him, until they became sufficiently acquainted with her to ripen admiration into love, and enable them to plead for her favour.

Under circumstances which could hardly fail to dazzle and bewilder so young a creature, to awaken vanity, stimulate coquetry, or call ambition into existence, it was observed only, "that Fanny became somewhat thoughtful, and occasionally breathed a sigh." Perhaps this might arise from pity for those whom she dismissed—it could not arise from love, since she was free to act; and yet those who appeared to common observers unexceptionable, shared the same fate with the rest. Silently, but speedily, with the delicacy and honourable feeling which became a worthy heart, and the promptitude and firmness of a more experienced mind, did Fanny exercise the regality of beauty. Her conquests were known, but open and ingenuous as she was, even her best loved female friend never learnt them from herself. She would have trembled at the idea of exposing the weakness of others, or in such a case of revealing their misfortune; but the very circumstance of their declaration led her to remember the *first* and the *dearest* who had made it. Edward Forester was now more frequently the subject of her thoughts than he had ever been before. She knew not how it was, but she could not help comparing him with every other. His qualities of heart she believed equal to the best, nor could she think that his mind was inferior to the most gifted, save where in his youth and situation had denied equal advantages, "and his person

was certainly as fine as even Mr. Bernard's."

This Mr. Bernard was the dearest friend of her uncle, and but a few years his junior. He was *par excellence* the handsome man of the town where they resided, as well as the most wealthy; and one, on whom many mothers, for many years, had speculated; and whom, even now, not one of their daughters would have thought of refusing. Elegant and accomplished, his society was generally held in request by men of his own standing in life; and as the leader of a party, his qualities of every kind were so extolled in the ears of Faany, from the hour of her arrival, as to render him an object of admiration and respect beyond all others, save her idolized relative. She had now become familiar with him from frequent intercourse; her welcome gaiety, and her occasional thoughtfulness, her desire of knowledge, her play of imagination, her perfect simplicity of character, and her real pre-eminence of intellect, together with the purity and loftiness of her artless disposition, were daily before him in all the unrestrained openness of a confiding spirit, reposing in his friendship, yet sensible that wisdom and wealth, and time, had placed "a gulf between them," which, in her gayest moments, she never desired to pass.

Mr. Bernard saw every young lover discarded, and perceived that even the most serious disquisitions of himself and his friend had charms for Fanny. He was not, he *could* not be ignorant of his own pretensions, for many bright eyes had told him of them, and although those of Fanny were certainly not of the number (since her unaffected modesty forbade such use of her own brilliant organs), yet her quiet listenings, her stay-at-home propensities, her occasional gravity, said something which, though indefinite, was exciting—"true! she was young, too young, and she had neither fortune nor connection." "Shame on the thought," said reflection, "since you have more than enough for both; and is she not the niece of one whom the meed of fame has stamped with deathless importance?"

The result of these thoughts brought to light a long smothered flame in the bosom of a would-be philosopher, and which met the ear of our lovely maiden through the medium of her honoured relative, who, rather by his eyes than his words, inquired "if she could accept, if she could love, and honour his excellent friend." "I have done the latter to a great degree this long time," said Fanny, "but I cannot marry him—oh, no! I cannot do that."

"Not to-day, my dear girl, nor to-morrow; but if you allow him to address you as a lover, if you consider how excellent his character is, how valuable he may be to your parents, how kind to yourself, how much good you will be enabled to do in the station wherein he will place you; surely you will permit him at least to plead his own cause, and in time may attend to it favourably."

"No, no, dear uncle, I must not, dare not say, that I will listen to Mr. Bernard on such subjects as love and marriage."

"He is certainly older than you, Fanny, but he is in the very prime of life—handsome, agreeable, lively."

"Oh! yes, yes—he is far my superior, I know all that, and I thank him from my very heart for his good opinion, but I must not deceive him, and I cannot deceive myself—it is impossible for me to love Mr. Bernard."

Mr. — was exceedingly puzzled, he was sensible that numerous as had been his excursions into the regions of Parnassus, he had made but few into that strange region "the heart of woman," and he feared advancing now, lest he should find any "admixture of earth's mould" in a creature hitherto so artless and upright, so inaccessible to vanity, so incapable of guile—surely caprice could not dictate so strange a decision, nor could it be believed that a girl whose integrity of character had been hitherto so singular, should venture to exert her powers of playing on a lover's feelings, *first*, on such a man as Bernard? Seizing her hands with much emotion, he addressed her thus:

"My dear Fanny, I have hitherto thought, notwithstanding your vivacity, that on serious subjects for 'simplicity and godly sincerity' of character,

you had no equal—tell me, I beseech, with the honesty and openness these words imply, why you refuse, without consideration, an offer so honourable, and which promises so many advantages?—You cannot be engaged to any other person?"

Fanny burst into tears.

"You came hither willingly—you have appeared to be very happy—have refused many excellent offers—but it is possible, *barely* possible, that you have formed an attachment for some one who has not returned it?"

"No, no," cried Fanny indignantly, "I am incapable of such folly—but Edward—Edward Forester."

"Well, what of him; I suppose he is the son of your father's neighbour, Forester, at the great farm, and has won some childish promise from you?"

"I promised him nothing, for he only spoke to me the night before I left home, which is now nearly two years since; but I confess to you, dear uncle, that whilst my words refused, my manners promised, and in conscience I held myself bound to him."

"That is unfortunate, Fanny, for it is probable that he remembers your words, and has long since forgotten your looks; had he not done so, you would have heard from him ere now."

"I forbade his writing—conjured him, as he loved me, not to do it, for I was then afraid of you, and indeed held it as an impropriety in so young a girl to have a lover, or allow her mind to rest on such subjects; since then, other people have compelled me to reflect, to compare, and in short to examine my own prepossessions."

"And the result is in this boy's favour?"

"He is no longer a boy, uncle, he is well educated, amiable, clever, industrious; he has loved me from almost my babyhood, and induced his parents to love me also, and I need not tell you that they are in a superior situation to us."

"Very true, Fanny—go on."

"I like the comforts and pleasures of life, but I do not desire its grandeur. I am exceedingly fond of the country and the employment of a farmer's wife, where the duties are

distinct from the drudgery ; besides, I know that Edward thinks only of me, and must remember how I looked, for in every letter my sister writes, she retails conversations with him or his mother, which prove that they have a reliance or expectation which I cannot disappoint."

Mr. — did not pursue the inquiry, though he was mortified and grieved at this rejection. Whether it were the conscience, or the inclination of his niece, or partly both, he yet saw that it was decisive so far as her own wishes were concerned, and he could not bring himself to distress her by using his own influence on points so delicate. It yet struck him that the period she had passed with him, or rather the society in which she had mingled for the last two years, and the expansion of her own mind during that time, could hardly fail to render her more fastidious in her demands than she could have been when young Forester preferred his suit, and he was well aware that a desire for the comforts of wealth, and even the gauds of fortune, will steal over those minds in maturer life which have scorned such attractions in that happy season when youth and health suffice to the perfect enjoyment of existence. "I must leave this dear girl to follow the dictates of her own heart, but I fear the time will come when she may repent them."

It had been settled some time that Fanny's father would visit them when she was eighteen, accompanied by his younger daughter, and take back the elder ; the time was now at hand, and waited for impatiently by both.

On their arrival, a third stranger stepped from the post-chaise which brought them, but he did not enter the house with the air of an intentional guest ; he was timid in his approaches, though of gentlemanly manner, a noble stature, and handsome features. Fanny's arms were around her father's neck—she saw him not. Mr. — endeavoured to render the stranger at home, and looked to his brother for an introduction. Fanny turned towards them both ; the torrent of blushes which died over her fair hands with "eloquent blood," told not only

his name, but her own surprise, pleasure, and in fact, her *love*.

It now appeared that, incapable of enduring further suspense, Edward had journeyed with her father (who was delighted with the circumstance) to learn whether she would now listen to his suit, or if her sister's assertion could be true, "that she was yet free to hear her longest, her fondest, admirer." Astonished by the improvement visible in even *her* person, scarcely could he dare to hope ; yet the smile which welcomed him, the knowledge he had of her abhorrence of deceit, reassured him ; he became an easy and happy guest.

Maria was left to console her uncle, but she could not extend her kind offices to his friend, for Mr. Bernard was already on his road to Greece, wisely resolving to banish his disappointment by the novelties presented in the land of glorious memories and present excitations. The journey home was soon followed by the union of the young lovers, for in the course of it Fanny had found that her judgment sanctioned her earliest inclinations, yet she sincerely rejoiced that both her own heart and that of her lover had experienced the trial to which her sound understanding, united with genuine modesty, had subjected them.

Seven years have now passed :—Fanny is the mother of two lovely children, the busy mistress of a large establishment, the anxious daughter of two ailing parents in the persons of her husband's relatives ; and so situated as to be the centre of a neighbourhood looking up to her for the benefit of example, and the aids of benevolence. She is yet more beautiful, more light of limb, and gay of heart, than ever—the sunshine of her countenance makes the cares of life fly like mists before her, and the still cherished taste for literature imbibed in her uncle's house, sheds over her domestic occupations, in their rural character, almost a poetic influence. Her lambs and her poultry, her flowers and her bees, are all associated with herself, and add to their own inherent interest the charm of belonging to one so lovely and so good. No wonder

that her uncle (little as his habits of solitude and abstraction fit him for her bustling abode) enjoys a visit there in May with each revolving season.

During the late month, in the house, and the presence of his niece, he has received his friend from his long wanderings, cured (as we may suppose) of his fruitless passion, but alive to his happier attachments, since on hearing of his valued companion's present residence, he hastened from town to see him as fast as four smoking greys could convey him. He was received by Mrs. Forester with unaffected pleasure: her husband gazed on him with surprise, not unmixed with admiration, for he is yet a striking person, and rendered more impressive from the splendour of his somewhat foreign habiliments, and the superior style of his equipage.

As he drove off in his elegant britzka, wrapt in a pelisse that might have been a prince's apparel, and bade them adieu with the grace of a cour-tier, not less than the kindness of a friend, Fanny gazed at him admiringly, and stood riveted to the spot long after he had departed, a sweet seriousness resting on her lovely features, indicative of reflection.

Her uncle took her arm, and, drawing it under his own, said, as he led her back to the parlour, "I hope, Fanny, you are not envying that carriage, and growing grave in your foolish wishes."

"That carriage—oh! no, you have not seen my new cab, or you would be certain how much I prefer it with Edward by my side. But I confess to looking grave, for how could I see dear Mr. Bernard without remembering his generous offer, and sincerely thanking God that I was not tempted to accept it? How could I cast my eyes on my husband, my children, and you, my dear uncle, in this my beloved home, without feeling profoundly the blessings which surround me, and contrast them with the feelings under which I should have sunk if I had been so weak, or so wicked, as to have exchanged the state to which I am equal, for one I could not enjoy? There are moments when happiness itself is the most serious thing on earth."

"Times, too," ejaculated the uncle, internally, "when Wisdom and Virtue are the companions of Beauty, and Happiness their guardian."

MAY,

A BALLAD PASTORAL.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

MAY comes laughing o'er the plain,
Herald of young Summer's reign;
Breathing sweetness thro' the bowers,
Tinting with bright hues the flowers.
See! she waves her magic hand,
And Earth smiles like fairy land;
Life and beauty round her move—
'Tis the joyous MONTH OF LOVE!

Winter's cold and fearless bough
Blushes at her presence now;
On the bush the linnets sing—
In the brake the wild flowers spring;
Sportive nymphs and happy swains
Roam the fresh enamel'd plains;
Ev'ry living thing doth prove,
'Tis the joyous MONTH OF LOVE!

Hymen waves his torch on high,
Bacchus holds his revelry,

While at Cupid's burning shrine
 Hearts their liberty resign;
 Nature spurns cold Reason's sway
 In the genial month of MAY;
 All the laughing world doth prove
 'Tis the joyous MONTH OF LOVE!

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

BY THE HON. MISS S——.

THOUGH thy harp upon the willow
 Hangs neglected and unstrung,
 Though thy tears bedew thy pillow,
 And thy heart with grief is wrung,
 There is one thy woes can feel—
 There is one thy wounds can heal.

Though at times thou mayst be fearing
 That the waves may overwhelm,
 See the star of Hope appearing,
 Shows the Pilot's at the helm:
 He whose care will never cease
 Till the vessel lands in peace.

In this state of deep probation
 Though we may be sorely tried,
 Oh, how rich the consolation
 That our Father will provide;
 Strengthening us in boundless love,
 If we look to Him above.

When our earthly joys are flying,
 As the meteor's transient light—
 When our dearest friends are dying,
 All our prospects close in night.
 Sure that one, in mercy given,
 Of eternal rest in Heaven.

Oh, what bliss awaits the spirit
 Freed from this encumbering clay!
 Joy immortal to inherit,
 Where all tears are wip'd away!
 Would we, then, detain it here,
 In this dark, uncertain sphere?

Though yet often will dejection
 O'er our minds awhile be spread,
 And the tear of fond affection
 For our lost—our lov'd one dead;
 And the deep, unbidden sigh,
 Speaks the grief that clouds our sky.

'Twas where Lazarus was sleeping,
 In the low and silent tomb,
 That our gracious Saviour, weeping,
 Came to chase away the gloom.
 Oh, that Saviour still is nigh—
 Still regards with pitying eye!

ELLEN MONTAGUE.

ELLEN MONTAGUE was the only child of Sir Edward and Lady Montague. Young, lovely, possessed of an ample fortune, amiable in disposition, and elegant in person, she was endowed with every advantage that nature could bestow or art complete. Her father dying when she was almost an infant, the entire management of her education had devolved upon her surviving parent, a woman whose external charms were equalled only by her mental and moral excellencies. From the moment of her daughter's birth she had devoted herself to her care, and during the lonely years of her widowhood, had neither sought nor desired amusement or society unconnected with her interest or improvement. Singularly accomplished, she had required no assistance in the arduous task she had voluntarily undertaken, but was at once the sole instructor and companion of her daughter, whose affection having been thus never diverted from its first source, had increased to a degree which seemed to admit of no limitation. Every wish, every pleasure, every hope centered in her mother, her approbation formed the happiness of her life, and in her presence alone she appeared to exist.

Ellen had now reached her eighteenth year. Affluent and beautiful, it was not surprising that she should already have attracted several admirers. It was in vain, however, that they urged their suit or pleaded their passion; she was inflexible in her refusal, and indifferent to their representations and sufferings. Even the manly and delicate addresses of Sir George Beaumont, a young man not less distinguished by his virtues and talents, than by every advantage of person and fortune, were unreturned with that warmth which his own ardent attachment led him to hope, and almost to expect.

"I will not deny," she would reply to his earnest entreaties, "that you are dear, very dear to me, but still I do not, and think I never can, love you as I love my mother. The magic finger of time may make an alteration in my sentiments," added she, smiling, "but till you have no rival in my re-

gard, I must continue to refuse to become your wife, for he who possesses my hand, ought also to possess the superior control over my affections. Say then no more to me on the subject of love or of marriage; I shall be very happy in being esteemed as your friend, but more than this my heart refuses to believe it ever can be." But Sir George did say much more on the subject, and for some time persisted in his endeavours to overrule her objections, till finding his attempts useless, and being unable to banish himself from her presence, he professed to be content to be received by her with the open regard of an affectionate sister, and thus secured a constant and unreserved intimacy in the family at the hall.

That delicacy of constitution which usually accompanies great susceptibility and deep feeling, had frequently excited the anxiety of Lady Montague, and made her tremble for the safety of this sole and dearest object of her affection. Some slight disorder having created more than an ordinary degree of apprehension, she resolved upon passing the ensuing autumn at a small romantic place on the coast, which was only partially frequented, and where Ellen might consequently enjoy sufficient variety to amuse, without experiencing the corresponding evil of fatigue.

Among the accomplishments which Lady Montague possessed in an eminent degree, was a rich and melodious voice of considerable compass, united to the most scientific knowledge and the most correct taste, confining herself, however, almost exclusively to sacred music, to which her powers were peculiarly adapted; and averse to admiration, it was only in the privileged hours of retirement and select society that those powers were displayed. Often would Ellen, in the stillness and holiness of the evening hour, entreat the indulgence of this her chief gratification, when, withdrawing herself to a distance, she would listen to the delightful tones of her voice, and abandoning herself to the enthusiasm and affections of her

heart, represent her mother to her vivid imagination under every form of perfection.

Tremblingly anxious to establish her daughter in the practice of virtue, Lady Montague had accustomed herself to represent every dereliction from the path of rectitude in such glowing terms of reprehension, that Ellen had insensibly acquired a severity of judgment, and an undue appreciation of human character, which threatened much future disappointment and even misery in her intercourse with society. Virtue had become to her a species of idolatry, and while she had prepared herself to find perfection in those whom she esteemed as estimable, she turned from every appearance of vice with an indignation and abhorrence that admitted of no toleration.

Conscious of her error, Lady Montague now sought to counteract the strong impression she had so unintentionally caused, and whilst she still insisted on the odious nature of sin considered in itself, she urged the necessity and duty of forbearance and pity towards the offender, representing the possibility of the most amiable being seduced into the worst errors by the force of temptation and the frailty of nature.

"Impossible, dearest mother," was the prompt reply upon one of these occasions, "there can be no assimilation between virtue and vice—my reason refuses to believe that they can meet in the same mind."

"I do not say," returned Lady Montague, "that they can exist together, for virtue must endure banishment whenever vice predominates; but there is a weakness in every heart, and a proneness to error that renders temptation even to the most exalted formidable, and makes every state insecure. Ellen," continued she, her voice marked with considerable emotion, "be assured, it is the lot of every human being either to weep over the remembrance of transgression in himself, or in those he loves. Sin and sorrow is the bitter inheritance of our race, and happy, thrice happy, they whose midnight hours are not laden with the heavy sighs of repentance and self-abasement."

"My beloved mother," interrupted Ellen, affectionately encircling her, "why these tears?—are they for me? Oh! fear not for your child; you have encompassed her with too many safeguards in your own example and precepts to render it possible that she should disgrace you; and oh, happy, thrice happy the child (to borrow your own expression) who never can blush for her mother."

It was a short time after this conversation that Ellen, together with her mother, repaired, as was their general custom, to the church, in which was a small but finely toned organ. This, Lady Montague, at Ellen's request, frequently accompanied with her voice, and many hours were in this manner agreeably spent. Seldom had Lady Montague sang more delightfully than on the present morning, and as rarely had her appearance been more strikingly lovely. She had yet scarcely attained the meridian of life, and though the bloom of youth had fled, the riper graces of maturity compensated for its absence. The weather was unusually warm. Oppressed by the heat, she had thrown aside her bonnet and shawl, thus displaying the exquisite contour of her features and the symmetry of her form. Leaving the friends who had joined them in the gallery, Ellen glided unperceived away, and seeking a convenient situation alike for concealment and observation in the body of the church, she gave herself up to the full indulgence of her feelings. One of the party now seated herself at the organ, and after having performed a piece of music, Lady Montague again approached to sing.

"Angels ever bright and fair" was the song she had chosen. The heavenly tones filled the sacred edifice; not a sound interrupted the exquisite harmony, and when it had ceased, silence still seemed to enchain every tongue. Ellen had listened with an intensity of attention that almost suspended breathing, and she now sat gazing upon the form of her mother with mute delight, her eyes filling with tears, and the blessing which emotion prevented her from pronouncing quivering on her lip.

It was evident that Lady Montague had been assailed by entreaties to repeat the strain, for the party which had surrounded her drew back, and she again took her station by the organ. She had, however, scarcely commenced, when Ellen was annoyed by the voices of strangers, who, attracted by the sound, had, through the negligence of one of the attendants, found entrance, and had occupied the seat nearest her. She moved in a manner to mark her displeasure, but in vain. She was totally unobserved, and the conversation was continued.

"How lovely still is her appearance," said one of the gentlemen, his eyes bent intently upon Lady Montague, "and how melodious is her voice! alas, alas, that that form should have been her bane! that that voice should have been her destruction! that a tale of infamy should be attached to the name of one otherwise so estimable."

"Let, then, the remembrance of that miserable event rest for ever!" exclaimed his companion, with emphasis;—"it is past, and years of—"

But his words were interrupted by a groan, so deep and deathlike, that, turning immediately to the spot from whence it had issued, he beheld the unhappy Ellen stretched on the ground near him. Sir George Beaumont had also perceived her. He had watched her escape from the loft, and silently followed her; and was himself engaged in watching the varying expression of her own animated countenance, when the words which had reached her ears having been overheard by him, he was at no loss to account for her situation. Tenderly and eagerly he bore her into the open air, and from thence to her own apartment, followed by Lady Montague.

Long and alarming was the swoon. Lady Montague hung over her in an agony of terror, ignorant of its cause, and unable to gain from Sir George any explanation. Several hours elapsed ere the means employed for her restoration took the slightest effect, and when at length she opened her eyes, their expression was so distressing, that those who watched her

shrank from it. By degrees she appeared to recover recollection, but only to evince increasing agitation. After a strong effort she suddenly raised herself, and fixing upon Lady Montague a look which seemed to pierce the inmost recesses of her soul, she articulated, in a tone of appalling force, "My mother, remove, in mercy, this dreadful suspense. Oh, tell me, can it indeed be, that a tale of infamy is attached to your name? Forgive the doubt, and pity your child."

The blood fled from the lips of the unhappy Lady Montague, and she stood pale, and incapable of motion. The characters of a convicted conscience were too legibly written on her countenance to be mistaken. "Merciful Heaven!" groaned Ellen, her features assuming an expression of despair indescribably alarming. Lady Montague was aroused from her stupor at the sight, and cast herself upon her knees by her side, covered her face with her hands, and attempted to speak, but the words died on her lips, and the anguish of her heart permitted her to murmur only the name of Ellen. The low, sweet tone, however, caught the ears of her to whom it was addressed. She started. After a few moments her features became more calm, and gently withdrawing her mother's hands, in which her face was still buried, she gazed upon her for an instant, and then throwing herself upon her bosom, wept convulsively.

It was many days before Ellen was able to appear in public; but incapable of bearing the exertions of society in a place which was now hateful to her, she begged to return to Dashwood. Her request was immediately granted. Again she followed her accustomed avocations, and was in all but reality the Ellen Montague she had quitted it. The same fond devotion to her mother marked every action, and if any difference was perceptible, it was only in increased attention to her minutest wishes. Never, however, did she, as formerly, lead her in the evening hours to the music room, and with fond solicitations or playful command arrange her books, and seat her at the instrument. Some

employment was invariably substituted, or some other amusement immediately proposed, if any probability appeared of a requisition being made upon Lady Montague, and when once the latter had been intreated by some friends to gratify them, till denial became almost rude, the distress depicted in Ellen's countenance made so powerful an appeal against her compliance, that had she been inclined to yield, contrary to her own inclination, this alone would have effectually deterred her. The dreadful subject had never been alluded to since the day that the fatal discovery had been made, nor had Ellen, by the slightest action, seemed to evince a remembrance of the circumstance. She now, however, approached her mother, and, unperceived, imprinted a long and fervent kiss upon her hand; then, concealing her face, stole hastily away. Lady Montague followed her retreating steps with suffused eyes, and longed to clasp her to her heart, to that heart which was a prey to all the anguish that such a situation as that in which she was placed could inflict.

The tale thus accidentally revived, was unhappily but too correct. In very early life Lady Montague had been placed in peculiarly dangerous circumstances, and had become a victim to the villany of one whose duty it was to have protected and guided her. Universal commiseration had marked her fall, and such was the impression which her amiable qualities excited in all, that Sir Edward Montague had not scrupled to make her an offer of his hand and fortune. Her subsequent excellent conduct justified his choice; and thus received and valued in the *best* circles, in the truest acceptance of the word, all remembrance of the past was forgotten, but by her who, in the midst of enjoyment, found it "the worm that never dieth," the canker that eateth away, though it be not seen.

The severity of the shock which Ellen had received, was unhappily soon proved, by its effects on her constitution. Sir George Beaumont, who was even a more constant visitor at the hall than before, read, if possible, more clearly than Lady Montague

herself, the fallacy of her smiles, and first distrusted the bloom of her cheek and the additional brightness of her eye. He beheld and trembled, for his affection had increased rather than diminished since their return from C—. Once again he had ventured to urge his suit, but the agitation that it produced made him resolve to bury the subject for the future in his own breast.

"It can never be," was her passionate reply. "I refused to unite my fate with yours, when I believed myself your equal, and can you suppose me capable of consenting to your wishes when I know that I shall bring you disgrace—a tarnished name? Never! never! I feel your generous and delicate attachment, and all that I can properly give—the truest esteem—is fully yours. I will be the wife of no man. I never had, I never can have now, a wish or thought beyond my mother."

The indisposition of Ellen soon became too obvious to admit of further concealment or doubt; and, in the utmost alarm, Lady Montague, accompanied by Sir George Beaumont, bore her to the southern coast. At first she flattered herself that the change of residence and scene was beneficial to her, but a short time destroyed all her hopes. The disease was too deeply rooted to admit of relief, and Ellen was evidently sinking fast to the tomb. In proportion as she felt her strength decay, the presence of Lady Montague seemed the more indispensable to her; while to that mother she daily became dearer as the certainty of her approaching dissolution was more visible. Alas! that the deprivation of that which we possess should serve most fully to prove its value! Lady Montague had loved her child in the days of health with an affection which she found it necessary to restrain by the powerful considerations of duty within its proper bounds, but she now almost believed that she had not hitherto loved her, and that she now first fully appreciated her worth—now, when she was about to be deprived of the blessing for ever.

Although it was evident that Ellen

occasionally suffered greatly, no sigh of complaint issued from her bosom; no repining word escaped her lips. Calm, patient, and tender, her only desire was to soothe her whose sorrow was of that description "which passeth show," but which destroys the heart that nourishes it.

It was towards the close of a beautiful evening, when Ellen lay extended on a sofa near the window of her apartment, listening to the sweet but hollow murmurs of the approaching tide, and watching the stream of glory which was reflected on the bosom of the ocean by the rays of the declining sun. Lady Montague held one hand, Sir George the other. She appeared lost in meditation, but the beautiful expression which gradually overspread her features gave indication of that heavenly feeling which could not be mistaken. She had been thus engaged for some minutes, when Lady Montague, whose eyes had been fixed upon her countenance, raised her hand to wipe away the tears which obscured her vision. The motion recalled her from her abstraction; she slightly started, pressed the hand she held more closely to her, and after a short silence turned towards her, and with a look of ineffable affection, beseechingly murmured, "My mother, sing to me our favourite." Severe was the requisition. Lady Montague felt that to comply was almost beyond her strength, but attempting no denial, and summoning all her fortitude, she seated herself at the instrument. The beating of her heart, however, rendered the first notes inaudible; but resolutely subduing her agitation, the rich tones of her voice gradually filled the room, and she seemed even to surpass herself; for the sadness which oppressed her gave additional sweetness to every tone, and the words, though they trembled on her lips, were given with an expression that corresponding circumstances rendered irresistible.

Sir George, in the meantime, attentively watched the countenance of the invalid, and there read the conflicting emotions that struggled in her breast. At first an ashy paleness overspread her cheek, and she gasped for breath. Believing her to be faint-

ing, he was hastily rising, when she motioned him to resume his seat, and folding her hands upon her bosom, she appeared absorbed in attention. A bloom, bright as had ever adorned her features in the happiest days of health, diffused itself over her wan cheek, and she raised her eyes, filled with tears, to Heaven. Sir George felt that she prayed, and, impressed with awe, he inclined his head, that he might not disturb her by observation; but not capable of withdrawing his looks long from her, he again stole a glance towards her, and beheld her, not merely composed, but her countenance irradiated by a smile that had more of celestial than earthly sweetness in it.

The strains ceased, and Lady Montague, instantly rising, rushed to the side of her child. Ellen extended her arms, and they were locked in an embrace so strict that it seemed they could sunder no more. A deep sigh first issued from the bosom of the latter, and her head sank upon the shoulder of her mother, who immediately taking alarm, disengaged herself from her, and, with the assistance of Sir George, laid her back on the sofa. The usual remedies restored her to recollection, but it was the last effort of an expiring spirit. She looked alternately at each, then, bending gently towards Sir George, she slightly touched his cheek with her lips, but made no attempt to speak, and turning quickly from him, fixed her eyes on Lady Montague, she articulated, with difficulty, "My beloved, my own, my precious mother, on your bosom—" She sank as she spoke, and faintly murmuring, "We shall meet again—to part no more," one gentle sigh alone evinced that life had passed.

With a groan of anguish Lady Montague fell into the arms of Sir George, who, himself almost overpowered, feelingly administered every comfort he was able. For some moments, however, there was a desperation in her looks which alarmed him. "Behold," she exclaimed, with supernatural firmness, "behold the just retribution of a crime early committed and long deplored, though so late

punished. My chastisement is great, but I will not say it is greater than I can bear, for 'shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' Truly has the voice of God declared that there is no peace for the wicked. But," added she, in a more softened tone, and gazing on the pale and settled features of her departed daughter, "I trust the atonement is made, and my years of penitence and sorrow are accepted. I

shall go to thee, my angel child, though thou wilt never return to me. I feel our separation will not be long, and in those bright realms of purity, whither I humbly trust thou art ascended, I shall no more shrink beneath thy eye with the sense of remembered guilt, but washed from every offence, thou wilt again be mine—mine in unalloyed and endless bliss."

ODE TO MEMORY.

BY JOHN S. CLARK, ESQ.

COME, Memory, come, let me ponder awhile,
Tho' the dream be too blissful to last;
For oh! 'tis so sweet a lorn hour to beguile,
To brighten the wreath of one's woe with a smile,
Newly cull'd from the joys that are past.

Those joys they *are* past—but they leave no regret,
In the fair mould of innocence cast;
And tho' the bright sun of their glory is set,
Still, in life's dim horizon, their memory yet
Sheds a beam on the days that are past.

They are gone—they are fled, like the wild flash of light,
Ere the thunder howls grim thro' the waste;*
But the traveller still on that pitiless night,
'Mid the tempest and storm's irresistible might,
Will remember the gleam that has past.

And still in life's wane, ere my care-stricken heart
Shall return to its long home and last,
Will Memory ever its pleasures impart,
By pointing, as Time's rapid moments depart,
To the joys of the days that are past.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY WILLIAM MINOT, JUN. ESQ.

(Concluded from page 208.)

CHAPTER III.

THE exclamation of Alfonso de Rimerro, recorded in our last chapter, was true to the letter—De Marialva *was* hastening to a conference with his brother ruffians. He believed it impossible that his followers could have yielded to the force of a single

arm, however mighty; he therefore concluded that Isadora's escape had been effected more through their negligence than by the prowess of Alfonso. In the course of his rapid flight, while shame determined him to conceal his own defeat, he successively

* "In many parts of Arabia, swift, beautiful meteors, of extraordinary brilliancy, generally precede a hurricane."—*Travels through the East, by Nathaniel Gibbon, 1722.*

formed and abandoned a thousand plans of vengeance on his guilty tools. "The villains! they shall to the torture for this want of vigilance," exclaimed he, passionately, as his noble charger spurned the ground, over which he almost seemed to fly.—"What! could not one have watched while they awaited my coming? And is it thus that I am to lose my prize, at the very moment in which I deemed her irrevocably mine!" And urging his steed to its utmost swiftness, he halted not until he had reached the appointed place of rendezvous. Springing from his horse, he entered the little wood, where the bodies of his three bravoes met his sight at the same instant, and leaning moodily against a tree, sat Gomez, the survivor. "How is this, traitor?" exclaimed the Conde. "Where is the Lady Isadora?" "Gone," responded his follower. "And livest thou, black coward, to tell it?" ejaculated De Marialva.

"Hadst thou, my lord, been here, she would still have gone—behold, three have died in your service, and I should have been added to the number, but that I was unarmed and disabled. She has fled with that devil incarnate, Alfonso de Rimerio."

"Palterest thou with me, ruffian—thou—"

"That name befits us both," interrupted Gomez, in a dogged tone. "Thou shalt die, wretch, in thine insolence," furiously exclaimed De Marialva, drawing his sword, and making towards his man. "Not now, and never by thy hand," ejaculated Gomez, throwing himself into an attitude of defence. "I am willing to serve you, Conde, in honour—but 'wretch,' and 'villain,' and 'ruffian,' and death by thy weapon too, are, methinks, terms which come not within the stipulations of our agreement—I have been a soldier—I am, thanks to the bustling times, your worship's follower."

The first burst of passion over, and possibly recollecting that no advantage could be derived from the death of Gomez, he determined to conciliate the man whose life but a moment before he had threatened.

"Put up thy trusty weapon, my fine
JUNE, 1831.

fellow, I did but try thy metal, and am well convinced that fate and not thy carelessness has despoiled me of my prize."

"'Tis well, Senor, though, methinks, you have of late received sufficient proofs of my courage and devotion to your interest, to render this trial unnecessary." "Eno', eno', my faithful friend," rejoined the Conde, "you shall be rewarded according to your merits; and now to horse,—we must reach my tower of strength, the Black Rock, with all possible speed."

And while they pursue their route across a wild, barren, and uninteresting country, gentle readers, we will anticipate their arrival at the castle. It was a low, irregular, and extensive building, placed on the summit of one of the highest of the Alpuxaras. Its commanding situation, the difficulty of access to it, and the various suggestions of prudence, cunning, and art, had rendered its defences complete. And within its massive walls and secure entrenchments nothing seemed wanting which could promise safety to its lord. But the Black Rock, so called from the solidity of the material with which it was constructed, was not alone a mere tower of strength, rude, frowning, and impregnable—a portion of it was devoted to luxurious indulgence—its marble halls ornamented with refreshing fountains, and impregnated with odours which mingled their perfumes with the air which pervaded them, rendered it also a region of effeminate ease. This strange union of power and weakness presented a striking picture of its master's mind—now engaged in rapine and plunder and bloodshed, and now yielding to all the allurements of the most voluptuous gratification. Right and reason had long since been lost amid the tornado of his passions, and life to him seemed to possess but one object—their indulgence. He knew that he was despised, but he felt also that he was feared, and he cared not what means he used to remove any obstacle that was opposed to his wishes, however wild or irregular. Private assassination, the workings of concealed vengeance, public oppression, and the show of chivalrous daring, were all

alike resorted to in gaining his various objects. The known wealth of Isadora de Montezuma had first attracted his avarice; he therefore paid obsequious court to her guardian, and wily as he was, won on the confidence of Don Andreas de Vinenti. He was, of course, soon introduced to his ward, and, captivated by her surpassing beauty, determined at all hazards to make her his. He approached her with all that fascination of manner which an accomplished villain renders subservient to his plans. His passion increased with every interview. There is a remnant or remembrance of virtue in the most degraded heart, which will sometimes whisper of repentance, and return to good, and under the influence of the best feeling of his nature, he solicited the prize of Isadora's love, and was indignantly rejected. Defeated hope to his reprobate mind offered only a warrant for renewed vice. There is a degree of superstition even in sin. De Marialva attempted a species of condition with his conscience, and almost promised himself that with the possession of such a bride he would abandon courses which had long engaged him, and which had, in fact, become habitual. But this promise was only the specious balm which the criminal uses as an unguent to his unworthiness. He knew that he did not deserve the virtuous daughter of Montezuma, he therefore feared that, as a punishment for his previous life, he might lose her through the intervention of a Power, whose omnipotence, though perpetually disregarded, and whose justice, though hourly mocked, are nevertheless always admitted in the prosecution of any earnest design. It is reasonable to suppose, that such an admission would of itself serve to arrest the most wayward in his profligacy. And yet De Marialva attempted to tamper with it, he endeavoured, in the presumption of vice, to believe that with the Most High he could attempt a compromise, and in the bitterness of failure, plunged more deeply than ever into the career which he had but lately fancied that he should abandon. By means which have already been described, he effected the capture

of Isadora's person, and at the moment when he deemed that she was irrevocably in his power, and gloated in imagination on the victim of his intended villany, she was snatched from his grasp, and returned in safety and honour to her home. But the most revolting reflection of all was that she had been rescued by the man he most hated—the son of a sire whom he had ruined. Stung by such reflections, and hardened by his very failure, he gained his castle, and, in moody silence, sought in retirement an escape from the rude greetings of his hireling band. Gomez whispered the cause of his abstraction, and all intrusion was sedulously avoided. After a period of fitful and impatient musing, by a sudden stroke on a silver gong, his favourite and confidential attendant, a youthful Moor, was summoned to his presence.

"Garva," he muttered, as he entered, "I have been foiled, and by Alfonso de Rimero."

"What is my lord's pleasure?"

"Vengeance! destruction! death!" shouted De Marialva, with all the frenzy of rage kindling on his countenance.

"On whom?" demanded the youth.

"On Alfonso, slave—on Isadora, on the whole world."

"Will my lord speak his pleasure more distinctly?"

"Hear me," exclaimed the infuriate Conde, "seek the person of Alfonso de Rimero, and deal him death—shouldst thou succeed, liberty and wealth are thine; but an' if thou failest, destruction the most agonizing that torture can inflict. Art thou willing on such terms to do my bidding?"

"I am, my lord, but moderate this excess of anger, and—"

"Peace, slave, peace!—there is gold for thee; single-handed thou canst not effect my purpose—understandest thou?"

"My lord, I will have no partner in the act which shall make me free—single-handed and alone I will gain my liberty," exclaimed the youth, brandishing his dagger, and his eyes sparkling with a frenzied exultation.

"Tis well, 'tis nobly resolved, boy. For three days thou art master of thy-

self, and during that period thou may'st anticipate the sweets of unshackled freedom. But mark me, if by the setting of the third day's sun from this thou returnest not with thy dagger dyed in the heart's blood of the hated De Rimero, thou art for ever lost—haste! begone!”

With a deep but rapid obeisance, the slave retired to start on the prosecution of his guilty purpose.

On the evening of the day which followed the above conference, a youthful stranger, fully armed and with closed visor, was ushered into the presence of Alfonso de Rimero, declaring himself to be the bearer of a message of vital importance from one who claimed his aid and protection.

“Speak, Senor—thy name,” demanded Alfonso, starting from his meditative posture; “from whom comest thou?”

“I am devoted,” was the ready reply, “to the cause of justice and liberty—my name will avail not; and I have vowed that until my mission is fulfilled, I will remain unhelmed.”

“From whom comest thou, then? speak quickly!”

“From the Lady Isadora de Montezuma.”

“Ha! the token!” exclaimed De Rimero.

“The Lady Isadora has entrusted me with none; she simply bade me say that from certain private information which had reached her, she had too much reason to fear that the Conde de Marialva meditated an instant wrong against her, and urged me to speed the intelligence to you.”

“’Tis strange,” said Alfonso in a half musing yet audible tone, “no token, and a doubtful message by a suspicious stranger, but perhaps while I linger she is lost. Senor, I obey the summons; I will but order a dozen of my retainers to accompany me, and then for the mansion of De Vinenti.”

“The Lady Isadora’s champion,” observed the youth, “should permit no one to participate in the glory of her deliverance—life itself is a poor boon when we owe it to numbers.”

“True, sir stranger, but her safety is an object of far too much importance to be hazarded by any fantastic

display on my part; I will proceed in such a manner as shall render my protection certain.”

“In her name, then, I declare that the Lady Isadora needs not your aid; she would spurn from her presence the knight who would not venture life against any odds in her cause,” exclaimed the youth in a voice that trembled with suppressed rage.

“Ho! without there!” vociferated Alfonso, “I will unmask thy presumptuous insolence, vain babbler—thou—thou to prescribe the course of De Rimero!”

“Thou hast hastened thy doom, then,” ejaculated the stranger, as he rushed with drawn dagger against his intended victim—“die by the hand of Garva.”

Rapid as was the action which accompanied his words, and energetic and vigorous as was the actor, his effort was defeated, and his arm fast locked in the powerful grasp of Alfonso—such was their position when Sebastian his noble esquire entered in obedience to his summons.

“How is this, my lord, weaponless, and struggling with an armed man?—die, traitor,” he cried, drawing his sword and directing its point to Garva’s throat.

“Hold, Sebastian, stain not thy weapon with the blood of De Marialva’s slave,” exclaimed Alfonso, throwing the ruffian from him—“let the lowliest menial of the castle break his dagger o’er his head, and bind him.”

The mandate was immediately echoed by the ’squire, and after much ineffectual struggling on the part of Garva, executed to the letter.

“See him safely deposited in the keep, my good Sebastian, and set a guard over him—that done, return hither.”

When alone, some anxious thoughts passed through the mind of Alfonso; he was at no loss to understand that his death was desired by the Conde as a prelude to the seizure of Isadora’s person, and he determined for her sake to be vigilant of his own safety; he felt that hers depended in a great measure on him, and he almost feared that the presence of Garva was intended to withhold him from Granada

during the perpetration of some act of enormous villany, even then, perhaps, at the point of completion. "But I will foil him again, I will hasten to her," was his instant determination, "and the coward shall again quail beneath this arm."

"My lord," said Sebastian, entering, "your commands are obeyed, the assassin is secured. I have endeavoured, but in vain, to learn his master's object in this nefarious act; his only answer is, 'Alfonso's death and Garva's freedom.' Bethink you, my dear lord; he should be delivered to the officers of justice, and the torture would perchance elicit enough to condemn the monster De Marialva."

"Name it not, my good Sebastian, it shall never be said that Alfonso de Rimero freed himself from an enemy by the intervention even of the laws of his country. No, Sebastian, my father's sword shall be my only defence against his ruffian deeds—it shall be the sole avenger of his treachery to that father. I know that thou art brave as thy master, my faithful squire; I know, my friend, that thou art devoted to my interests. Hear me, then; I must instantly to Granada with a few of my followers; remain thou here during my absence, and should De Marialva, in the expectation of my death, presume to attack my castle, yield not while one stone remains on another—act altogether on the defensive, and should it be practicable, despatch a messenger to me. The period of my absence will be determined by circumstances—a few hours may suffice for my return, but should the safety of one most dear to me require my presence, that return will be protracted until my object is accomplished. And now, farewell, Sebastian."

"Farewell, my lord," rejoined the youth, kindling with all the enthusiasm of gratified friendship, "and be assured that Sebastian is too proud of his master's confidence to forfeit it."

Alfonso knew that it would be useless to attempt an interview with the Lady Isadora with the sanction of her guardian, and therefore determined by the aid of music to attract her to the

piazza to which she had directed him on the evening of her rescue. The night was far advanced when he arrived at De Vincenti's mansion. The streets were all deserted, and that soft and indescribable quiet which is night's sweetest feature, seemed to assure him that his former fears had been vain, and that nought but peace was abroad. The pale moon shed her silvery lustre over every object—all was serene and still. He ordered his retainers to a distance within call, and receiving his guitar from an attendant page, struck its chords with a master-hand, while he breathed forth his hopes that she would bless his vision with her presence in tones so rich and melodious that the charmed listener scarcely dared to acknowledge her consciousness of the serenade, lest she should by her appearance interrupt a harmony so perfect—but the words breathed a fear for her safety, while they told of the singer's devotion.

She knew the music of Alfonso's voice, though she had never before heard it in song. At length a pause occurred, and the lattice was unclosed.

"The Lady Isadora will pardon this intrusion when she learns that alarm for her safety has occasioned it—the emissaries of De Marialva are abroad, and from a very recent event within my own knowledge, I have reason to apprehend danger to her."

"De Marialva's emissaries abroad! why then, brave knight, art thou here alone! danger! oh! fly and save thyself!"

"Fear not for me, sweet lady, I have a sufficient force at hand to have protected us both had it needed. My purpose now is to warn you—quit not your guardian's roof on any pretext; stratagems the most wily will, I doubt not, be used to draw you into the villain's snare—such he has already endeavoured to practise on me, but I secured the slave at the very moment his dagger was uplifted against my life in obedience to his master's mandate."

"How much of evil have I brought on thee, my brave and faithful defender."

"Say rather of good, dear lady," interrupted Alfonso; "in devoting my-

self to thy protection, I have gained a new spring of life, and all the bitter past is lost in the blessedness of serving thee. But promise me, should aught of ill assail thee—should even a passing fear disturb the pure mirror of thy thoughts, that thou wilt send on the instant to Alfonso de Rinero."

"It would be base, it would be ungrateful to reject thy aid, Don Alfonso, and should aught of alarm approach me, I will obey thy will and send to thee—yes, I accept thy devoted service in all frankness. In the hour of danger thou shalt be Isadora de Montezuma's knight! and may the God of Heaven bless thee for thy kindness to the orphan maiden."

"Thou hast blest me, dearest Isadora, in the acceptance of my homage! Often have our grandsires fought side by side—often has the shield of each screened the breast of his friend—and by their heroic spirits—by thine own sweet self, I swear that I will defend thee from all wrong with my life and honour."

"But hasten hence, I pray you," eagerly interrupted Isadora, "danger may even now be threatening you, and oh! remember that my safety depends on yours! Be assured that I will observe your warning, and that no device shall tempt me from my retirement. I will use every precaution that shall avert danger from my generous preserver—and now, my brave knight, adieu! Isadora's champion will live in her memory, and his name be mingled with her prayers—speed in safety to thy castle."

"Farewell, dearest lady, and may the bliss which swells in my breast extend its influence to thine. When first we met I was dissatisfied, forlorn, wretched, but thou hast turned the current of my thoughts to joy—farewell! may guardian angels shield thee!"

He rejoined his followers, and mounting his proud steed, commenced his homeward course; his heart beat high with a thousand hopes, images of bliss and years of unalloyed happiness floated in perspective before him. He loved—deeply, fervently loved—and an electric thrill passed through his heart as he whispered to

himself that he, the accepted knight of the Lady Isadora in a period of danger, might also be the partner of her peaceful hours. Love is the poetry of life; it throws around the feelings of youth the same magic which the rainbow gives to colours, it concentrates and harmonizes, blends and beautifies them all, and their collected animation is Hope. But vivid as they were, how much brighter would have been his visions, could he have enriched the beautiful picture with the reflection of her thoughts. No sooner had the echo of his horse's hoofs died in indistinctness on her ear, than she sought her pillow, not indeed to sleep, her sensations were all too full for slumber, and now she breathed a prayer of gratitude to Heaven, and now she murmured a blessing on Alfonso—her feelings were less distinct than his, but not less blissful. She questioned not her heart as to whether she loved, nor did she dream of awakening the passion in his—she only felt that she was happy—she only knew that he would protect her, and a dreamy sort of joy spread through all her thoughts.

No sooner had Alfonso reached his castle, than summoning Sebastian, he desired the prisoner Garya to be ushered into his presence. The guard was ordered to retire as the slave entered. Alfonso demanded what object he could have had in attempting his assassination?

"Had you died, Sir Knight, by my dagger, freedom from the hand of my master," was the unflinching reply.

"And did you not calculate the chances of failure?"

"Yes, my lord, my failure was sure to bring death with it! Had I even escaped from you, my return to my master would have sealed my doom. His bribe was large if I succeeded—liberty. And in contemplating so bright a boon, was it astonishing that I lost sight of the destruction which he vowed to me if I failed?"

"Poor slave, thy chance was but a sorry one; wouldst thou return to thy cruel master, if thou wert able, to meet the doom which he will award thee?"

"If I returned not, where, my lord,

should I hide myself from one so powerful?"

"Lovest thou thy master?" demanded Alfonso, mildly.

"I am a slave, and the tool of his passions; and the deed which I was about to commit was only endurable in the exemption which it promised me from serving him further. I loathe, I detest him. But what avails this? I am only saved from falling by his hand, to die in public infamy."

"Thou art young, Garva; dost thou not wish to live?"

"All wish it, my lord. The old, the young, the happy, the miserable, the fool, the wise, all cling to life. But mine is forfeited; why torture me thus?"

"Remain a prisoner here. By my mandate thou shalt not die. Thy master's crimes have made thee criminal; he is the culprit on whom I will discharge my vengeance. And while here thou art safe from him."

The fixed resolution, arising out of the belief that nothing could save him, which had depicted itself on the countenance of Garva throughout the previous dialogue, was in an instant changed: he fell at the feet of Alfonso in speechless gratitude—he wept like a child, and was withdrawn before he could express a single word of thankfulness.

The third sun, which was to mark his return to the Black Rock, was setting full in his face, and yet he observed it not—he was lost in wonder at his own deliverance, and ever and anon he was stung by the baseness of the deed which would have given to death one so noble and so generous. His cruel master, however, was watching with intense interest the last rays of the same orb, breathing forth the threats of vengeance on his slave. The wheel, the scorpion, every species of torture were mentally awarded him. The hour of midnight sounded, and yet he came not.—"He has fallen by the hand of the detested De Rimero," exclaimed the Conde, suddenly starting from his seat and striding across his apartment; "this is another item to the debt I owe thee, Alfonso, and I will repay thee amply. Yes! I will be revenged on thee through the beau-

tiful Isadora! I must be quick, or he will snatch that prize from me too!"

In the course of infamy and guilt the Conde de Marialva was too well versed to be long in devising his plan of operations. He was intimately acquainted with the avaricious disposition of Don Andreas de Vinenti, and he determined to make it subservient to his views. He despatched Gomez with a packet to him, wherein he apologised for the insult which he had passed on him in attempting to deprive him of the person of his beautiful ward, pleaded the depth of his passion in extenuation, and concluded by informing him that he had sustained so severe a contusion in his struggle with Don Alfonso de Rimero, that mortification had ensued, and that a very few hours would close the punishment of his presumptuous outrage in death. "The only atonement I can make thee, my friend," he added, "I am willing to offer. You know that my wealth is immense, and that I have no immediate heir; hasten to me with your son Don Felix, that ere I die I may put you in possession of my property. You have received wrong in return for your friendship, and you therefore ought to be my heir. Your immediate presence, however, is requisite to the full completion of the affair."

The wily device succeeded; Don Andreas, accompanied by his son, commenced their hopeful journey. But Gomez had the start of them, and by an intimate knowledge of the more direct roads, reached the castle some hours before them. "My lord, they are on their way hither," he exclaimed as he reached the apartment in which De Marialva sat.

"So, so—'tis well, Gomez—thou hast sped bravely in this business; this purse is thy present reward. Obey me strictly, and I will treble its contents. When the avaricious dupe and his unwieldy son arrive, tell them that I slumber, and must not be disturbed; that the leech's orders are precise upon the subject: in short, dally with them, detain them by any means that are requisite. Meanwhile, I will to Granada, and seize upon the scornful beauty. The castle is wide enough

to hold both guardian and ward without either being the wiser. And now to horse. Adieu, good Gomez."

The plan, in all its ramifications, succeeded but too well—the Lady Isadora was borne off by the triumphant Conde, who, disregarding her almost broken-heartedness, hurried her on to the Black Rock, where, in a state of suspended animation, she was delivered to the care of an aged female, with strict injunctions that every effort should be used for her recovery. Fearing that he should lose her if he presented himself to her ere the shock which she had sustained had passed away, he determined not to see her for a few days. He sought his guests, and replied to their astonishment by assuring them that although he had practised a little on their credulity as far as his health was concerned, that he had only done so with the view of insuring himself of their company in order that he might apologise in person for the offence which he had committed, and take measures for carrying the latter part of his communication into effect. Thus did he continue to amuse and deceive them by a false show of earnestness in his intentions towards them.

Meanwhile, we must accompany the faithful Rosette to the castle of Alfonso. At the moment when her mistress was torn from her embrace there was no time either for token or message, but the gentle handmaid, timid to an excess in trifles, became bold and resolute in the hour which brought such overwhelming danger to her lady; and she determined without delay to hasten with the intelligence to her former preserver. Mid sobs and tears she related the horrid tale to Alfonso, who heard it with an anguish that baffles all description. His every sense was paralyzed—nought but a confused and gloomy consciousness of some unconnected horror, he scarcely knew what, seemed to occupy his mind, and fill it with a despairing and foreboding certainty of wretchedness. Long after recollection was awakened, he stood riveted to the spot where the blight had fallen on his hopes. Roused at length by the voice of Rosette, he started from his

abstraction, and in the desperation of the circumstance he sought Garva, and communicated to him his resolve to attempt an immediate rescue, and demanded of him whether in return for the life which he had granted, and the pledge of freedom which he gave, he would consent to guide him to the Black Rock, and render his knowledge of the fortress subservient to his plans.

"Most willingly, my lord," replied the grateful slave, "to your generous forbearance do I owe my life, and that life will I devote to your service. If we can approach the castle unperceived, I will guide thee, under the cloak of darkness, to the very chamber of the Conde."

"'Tis enough, Garva, I will trust thee; let us to horse with all speed, the day wears, and much remains to be accomplished ere another sun rises upon us."

It was determined that Rosette should await his return within the security of his own castle; and, unattended, save by Garva, he commenced his rapid route towards the Black Rock. The shades of night had gathered around them long ere they halted at its base.

"Here, my lord, you must await my return," whispered Garva; "there is a subterraneous passage to which that flat stone in the entrance, it can only be opened from within. I must enter the castle with the news of your death, and instead of seeking the Conde, I will penetrate the vault and give you instant admission."

"Remember, Garva, I have trusted thee—deceive me not."

"Doubt me not, my lord! I will return, or die in the attempt."

"'Tis well, God speed thee, Garva; I will await thee here."

De Marialva was so frequently in the habit of employing his more confidential attendants on private missions, that the centinels offered no resistance to the entry of the slave who was most about his person, and who was supposed to be more deeply in his secrets than any other. To his great joy he learned that the Conde was even at that late hour carousing with the dupes of his perfidy, Don Andreas and his son; and stealing to

his dormitory, snatched a lamp from the table, touched the secret panel, and was immediately safe within the subterranean passage. In a short period he had given admission to the anxious De Rimero, who, now confident in the fidelity of his conductor, followed him with unwavering courage. At length he paused—"Speak not, breathe not, my lord," whispered he in a low tone, "we are at the very opening which commands the entrance of his chamber."

"Touch the spring, then, good Garva—quick! I beseech, I command thee."

"If I do, my lord, our object fails! I will listen here for the approach and departure of his attendants—hist! he enters the apartment."

They scarcely breathed:—it was a moment of the most feverish suspense to the impatient and high-minded Alfonso. In the next moment the voice of De Marialva met his ear.—"How fares the Lady Isadora, Haroun; what is the report of the nurse Nuna?"

"The potion has induced a sound sleep, my lord," replied the attendant, "from which the Senora has awakened calm and free from fever, but she still murmurs at her lot."

"And let her murmur; to-morrow I will try if I cannot tame this proud spirit," muttered the Conde; "how will her beggarly minion, the doughty De Rimero, wince beneath the report of her degradation;—ha! ha! ha! it slakes the thirst of my revenge when I think of his torture! Poor fool! he will now learn how impossible it is for him to vie with the rich and powerful De Marialva. In what chamber does she rest, Haroun?"

"In that, my lord, which opens from the marble conservatory."

"'Tis well; leave me, slaves."

In a moment the ear of Garva was even with the floor, listening for the last foot fall of the retiring servants.

"Now, my lord," resuming his upright position, he whispered to Alfonso, "now, my lord, is our time."

"Touch the wire, then, my faithful youth!"

In the next instant his hand was on the throat of De Marialva, who, with

his upper garments loosened, was reclining on a sort of half couch.

"Move not, breathe not, De Marialva, or thou diest by mine own hand," exclaimed Alfonso, as he raised his sword above the head of the terrified Conde, who, dreading the fate he so justly merited, remained motionless, without the slightest effort to free himself. Indeed, so sudden and so unexpected was the presence of the only man he ever dreaded, that it would have been difficult for him, even in a less perilous situation, to find words for the occasion.

"The cord, Garva, and the gag."

"They are here, my lord," replied the ready youth.

"For the honour of knighthood," ejaculated De Marialva, but the point of the sword already rested against his throat.—"Another word, and it will be thy last;—bind him, Garva."

The bonds were securely tied around his wrists and ancles, and fastened to one of the iron bars of the lattice;—the gag was fixed.

"Now, base coward, listen to the command of De Rimero, the son of that sire whom thy treacherous friendship ruined. To-morrow thy slaves will find thee bound, and will unloose thee—collect thy goods and fly—thou must seek another home, another country. And if a second day's sun shines on thee within these territories, I will denounce thee to the Inquisition. I grant thee thy worthless life that it may be thy curse. Had we met in fair fight thou shouldst have died, but thus—I spurn thee. And stay, reach those tablets, Garva, and release his right hand while he avouches thy freedom with his signature—delay not, villain, or he, the slave you so lately devoted to death, shall drive his dagger to thy heart. 'Tis well! And now, Garva, for the deliverance of the Lady Isadora!"

They reached without interruption the apartment mentioned by De Marialva as the dormitory of the distressed damsel, and, gently raising the latch of the door, entered. She was invested in a loose robe, and kneeling in prayer before her crucifix. Alfonso gazed fixedly at her—a smile was on her lip, which at one moment wore the

sweet assurance of hope, and in the next became so faint that it seemed but as the sunless mirror of a mind to which all that the future has of charm is lost, and for ever—that smile, in its altered and rayless state, partook of no earthly or definable feeling—it was beautiful as the brightness of a meteor, but like that too, in its transitory loveliness, it seemed unconnected either with the past or the future.

After a long and enraptured pause he approached her, gently exclaiming, "Dearest lady, I am here for thy deliverance—fear not, 'tis thy true knight who approaches thee." She would have fallen but for the support of his arms. In a state of almost unconscious joy she murmured, "I did pray for thy presence and protection, and thy faithful care has provided both—the blessed Saints be praised, with thee I am safe!"

"Safe whilst I have life, dearest Isadora. But you must fly hence directly. I have for the present secured De Marialva. Thou wilt accept my escort?"

"Most thankfully! I will be ready on the instant."

"I will retire, then, to arrange with Garva for your departure," replied Alfonso, quitting the apartment.

After a brief absence he returned, and conducted her through the passage by which they had entered, and having mounted the horses which were secured in the vicinity of the flat stone, started at a speed which soon placed a distance of many miles between them and the Black Rock. The sun was high in the heavens when they reached the castle of De Rimero. The fond Rosette met her mistress in the vestibule with tears of joy and congratulation.

"To this pretty damsel," exclaimed Alfonso, meeting her, "do I owe the happiness of having delivered thee, dearest lady, from the power of the Conde. As soon as thou wast borne off she hastened hither, and informed me of thy fate. To the faithful Garva too," he added, turning to the bold youth, "our thanks are due. He was despatched hither by his late master De Marialva for my destruction, but, spurning the mandate of a despot, he

aided me in freeing thee from the horrors which threatened thee."

The gratitude of the youthful Moor was doubled by this kind and delicate concealment of the base part which he had determined to act towards Alfonso, and, prostrating himself at his feet, he exclaimed, "Will my generous lord permit his devoted follower to spend his days in his service?"

"Most willingly, Garva, will I enrol thee among my brave retainers; or, an' it please thee better, thou art free to attend my person. But go, and summon Sebastian to my presence." His gallant esquire soon appeared. "Hasten," said Alfonso, "to the residence of Don Andreas de Vinenti, Sebastian, and inform him that the Lady Isadora is free, and awaits his presence here."

"And how," demanded Isadora, when she found herself alone with De Rimero, "how can I ever sufficiently mark my estimation of the services which you have rendered me, my gallant friend? Is there aught that—"

"Listen, lady," interrupted Alfonso, as he knelt before her, "and pardon the presumption of thy faithful knight, who can know no happiness but in thy presence—whose all of hope is centered in thee. The reward which Alfonso de Rimero would ask, is to be permitted to devote his life to Isadora de Montezuma—to claim her as his affianced bride—to—"

"Rise, my noble preserver, and know that thy happiness is too dear to Isadora to be trifled with."

We quit the lovers, for such we may now proclaim them, gentle readers, that you may learn that whilst their vows and confidences were being exchanged, the Conde de Marialva was freed from his state of temporary thralldom by Haroun, and that dreading the vengeance of Alfonso, he determined to quit his home and country. Collecting all the wealth that he could at the moment command, he commenced his pilgrimage, leaving Haroun to dismiss his attendants, and, having arranged all necessary matters, to follow him. He left also a message for Don Andreas, describing as much as was requisite of the true state of affairs. The disappointed old man, with his

son, reached their mansion in time to receive the invitation of De Rimero; but instead of accepting it, Don Andreas, discontented and o'erwearied, penned a hasty billet to the Lady Isadora, declining any further interference in her affairs, and proposed to deliver up her fortune to any one she might empower to receive it.

* *

It was a lovely morning, the sun rose in unclouded majesty, and all Nature seemed animate with blissful life. The Primate of Granada was moving in ecclesiastical procession to the great church. The governor of the province, attended by a princely retinue, was parading in the same direction. The whole town was full of bustle and hilarity—the most beneficent acts of charity were unsparingly showered on all who needed

them. An universal joy was every where visible. It was the Lady Isadora's bridal day, and the governor attended to place her hand in that of Don Alfonso de Rimero. The high priest performed the ceremony; and as they left the altar on their return homeward, every tongue was eloquent in their praise, and the incomparable loveliness of the lady seemed on that day to transcend its accustomed brilliancy. Even the sluggish Felix gazed on her with intense admiration; while his father forgot his disappointments, and took pride to himself in having called the purest beauty of all Spain his ward. And the populace shouted their plaudits as they enthusiastically admitted that

“He was the bravest of the brave,
And she the fairest of the fair.”

TO MARY.

BY WILLIAM STARKEY, ESQ.

WHEN first I saw thy placid face
I thought thee quite divine,
There shone such pure seraphic grace
I long'd to call thee mine!

There was a something in thine air
So sweetly calm—so heav'nly free,
Which claim'd my more than tender care,
And bound my spirit fast to thee.

And when those eyes—those lovely eyes,
On me with dazzling radiance shone,
I felt the crimson quickly rise
To speak the love I dar'd not own.

And when thine own sweet voice I heard,
Mine, mine in falt'ring accents shook,
I thought Love breath'd in ev'ry word—
I read his smile in ev'ry look.

Though brighter forms I daily saw,
And eyes that beam'd all lovingly,
Yet these could ne'er, oh! ne'er withdraw
My firm devoted heart from thee.

Such charms were pass'd but coldly by,
Their beauties had no spell for me—
For *thee* alone was heav'd the sigh—
My ev'ry hope was fix'd on *thee*!

THE WRECK ASHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.—*Shakspeare.*

It was on one of the gloomy and tempestuous days which characterize the climate of England, and in which, as in a stormy passage through life, a variety of ills succeed each other—in the one instance, cold, damp, stormy, and overwhelming, in the other, the chill of poverty, the mildew of man's malice, gusts of despair, and the darkness of disconsolation; in a word, it was the worst of March days, the ides of which month, as well as those of November, have proved fatal to thousands of desperate, dejected, and deserted individuals, whose minds were warped in such a way that the absence of the light of religion, and the ingratitude of their fellow men, made life a burthen to them, that I met with the following adventure. It had blown a hurricane all night, after which the morning was ushered in with a thick fog and darkness, which shed the garb of mourning on the face of Nature. Heavy rain now took its turn in men's punishments, and at last a sharp breeze sprang up from the north-east, and lashed the rain in a contrary direction, so that neither man nor beast could well abide the pelting and pitiless storm. The cattle wheeled round and took shelter wherever it was to be found; whilst foot-passengers ran in all directions to escape the fury of the elements; and now, unfortunately for me, I had trusted to an umbrella which was tattered to ribands, and I had a certain distance to go before even a high wall, or a pent-house, offered protection. The arch of an unfinished bridge was the first object which presented itself to me, and even that was choked up by people driven into it by stress of weather: most of them were wretchedly poor, and half-clad, so that even here I had cause to be grateful to Providence for the advantage which I had over my indigent brethren. Nearly in front of the motley assemblage, a decrepid old woman was almost beyond the verge of the arch, when, in a moment, a

sturdy, stern-looking seaman, thinly clad, made his way through the sheltering and shivering paupers, and, placing the trembling female behind him, said, "There, missis, let me take the weather-side of you; I'm more used to the wind and the rain than you be; storms, and showers, and I, are old acquaintances; and, besides, my timbers are tougher, and not quite so old as yourn. I say," pulling out his box, "will you have a bit of *backy*?" "Bless your honour, good sir," replied the old woman, with a voice which whistled in the wind. "There you go," added Jack, looking out for squalls, and following with his sunken eye the scudding clouds. "It looks very dirty, but, thank God! it won't last long, the clouds are higher already. "Ha!" quoth I to myself, "here is a feeling of religion; this accounts for the seaman's patience under suffering, and for his brotherly love. "You'll be wet through," said I to him, seeing him advance beyond the arch, with the rain beating in his face. "Bless you, master," answered he, "I be that long ago; this here state-cabin—(ha! good humour and pleasantry in the midst of desolation)—this here state-cabin was my berth all last night; and, as you see, my canvass," pointing to his jacket, "is not over and above good for night-work. I was as bad off last night as I be now, for I had three poor little children under my lee for four hours, and I parted with my last copper to get 'em some soft tack this morning; but I don't value that; I'm looking out for a ship, and things are seldom so bad but they might be worse." "This must be sad weather at sea," interrupted the old woman. "I can't say, missis," replied he: "it may only blow hard off shore; and even if it does, its all one if there's plenty of sea-room. I would rather be out of sight of land, with a vessel that is seaworthy, than knocking about off shore. I am sure I have always found the

wide main, and the chance of all weathers, better friends to me than landmen and inland countries: there's the same look-out for us on the briny deep as there is in the finest towns and cities; and then the sea's wide, and there's room for us all; and a man's messmates are all as one as himself: it's our interest as well as our inclination to be true to each other; there's no lawyers nor Jews in old ocean, no avarice nor usury, no envy nor malice, no picking of pockets; there are no false friends, nor false appearances, all is open and above board; and if worst comes to worst, why we must be sewed up in our hammocks; and a man never dies before his time is come." "Then," said I, "my brave fellow, you are more contented afloat than on shore." "I have a right to be so, and to be thankful for't; for I met with nothing but ill-usage from shore-going lubbers; robbed and pillaged, and passed into the bilboes, all for doing a good turn. No, no, give me the freedom of the waves, with good bub and grub, and once now and then to look into port, but it won't do to stay there long, for fear of being taken by famine, or eaten up by land sharks. I have been to three quarters of the globe, and now I hope to go to the fourth, or else I am sure I don't know what will become of me." Here the storm ended, and with it the seaman's tale. The people separated; but I was resolved to know a little more of the history of this honest tar, in whom there existed such a mixture of misfortunes and of true courage, of vicissitudes, and of a frame formed to bear them with fortitude and manliness. His rigging (to use his own phrase) was sadly out of repair, and he was, on that account, a not very seemly companion for a morning's walk. I had therefore no alternative but either to part company or to stow him away out of sight, which I did by taking him into a retired coffee-house, and calling for a private room, there to treat him to a breakfast, which he appeared much to want; to this invitation he answered by saying, "Your honour, I am no smuttling or beggar who asks alms because he won't work,

but still I am not above accepting a kind offer, which is like throwing out a tow-rope in distress to help a poor devil ready to go down; I have suffered a good deal, your honour, to keep honest and not to disgrace the flag I have sailed under, and I hope my trials are now at an end, and that I shall join a ship soon; in the meantime your kindness is like a favourable breeze springing up, and I'm sure I don't know what I should ha' done without it." "I am glad that I met with you, Jack," said I, "I had an uncle in the navy, and although I am a soldier myself, yet my brother blue-jacket is very dear to me; we belong to an island nation, and we have got a sailor king, God bless him! so we must not forget the poor tar when the battle and the breeze are over." This colloquy brought us to the shabby house of refreshment, where I ushered in my humble friend, and desired that he would call for something substantial, whatever he liked; this he modestly accepted, and whilst he was satisfying the cravings of nature, I pulled a cigar out of my pocket and blew my cloud, in order to puff sorrow away, and to fill up a blank period, preparative to my learning the poor man's tale; by the way, there is more in smoking a pipe or a cigar than worldly men are aware of, it exhibits a picture of life, its vapour, its emptiness, and its brief duration, and tells us, without going to the pulpit, to learn that truth, that we are all *pulvis, cinis, et nihil*, and that when the pipe, or the lamp of life goes out, it is ashes to ashes and dust to dust. *Quid-vis?* worthy reader, what would you have more of it? but my sailor has breakfasted, and I must come to his story.

"My name," said the seaman, "is Kit Clewlines; I am come of honest parents, my father was an industrious man, and was well enough to do in the world when I went to sea, for I was mad for the blue jacket, and for seeing life and foreign parts, and I had heard a great deal about England's glory, and all the like of that, so to sea I must go, and I did well; I was very happy and very successful, and I brought home a good bit of prize-

money with me, and as soon as we were paid off, down I goes to our village, full of spirits and of fun, and fit for any thing; but the first thing that meets my eyes is an execution in father's house, mother on a truss of straw laid up with sickness, sister bathed in tears, and father stark staring mad with vexation and disappointment; things had gone wrong with them, times were hard, mother had had a long and expensive illness, and they had a hard landlord; and when father voted against him at an election, he raised his rent, and warned him to quit the house that we were born in, and at last they seized all he had for rent and taxes, and the very bed was taken from under mother; your honour may suppose that I did not much relish all this, and I called the bailiffs any thing but honest men, telling them at the same time that I had plenty to pay all that was due, and that I should do so, and kick them out; whereupon coming athwart the chap that took the bed from under mother, I stove in his head-rails, and on 'tother threatening to hand-cuff me, and calling me a vagabond, I poured in such a broadside on his timbers that he was disabled for six months afterwards. I paid the debt and got the sticks back again, but then I was brought-to for the assault, and I was popped into jail, where I was confined for sixteen weeks, most part of the time ill of a fever, and from whence I never expected to get out alive, when a fine gentleman came to me and offered me his services to procure my liberty upon my signing some sort of a promise to keep the peace towards Francis Flucem and Gregory Gripe; and the gentleman paid all the law expenses, which were enormous; this I thought was indeed a friend, for he told me that it was all out of pity for our poor family, and said he would make a man of me by sending me out to his West India property, hinting, at the same time, that he had taken a vast liking to sister, and that I might look forward to his marrying her after they had kept company together long enough to know each other's mind. Your honour may suppose that I was vastly delighted with all this,

and I went out in a ship of his to his plantation; I was like chief mate on board, and was to be employed on his property when I got there, but being lonesome-like, when I was in London waiting to sail, I thought I would look out for a wife, and take her out with me, and a very nice craft I met with, a widow; I got spliced, and started all right and happy, but scarcely had we arrived in the island, when she met with a soldier as had married her three years before, and we were all in a pretty mess; I was resolved, however, to do all that was honest and fair, and not to keep her on compulsion, so I gives her her choice, and off she shears to the soldier with all the fine outfit, I procured for her, and there I was cut adrift again, and made a laughing-stock to all the black devils on the estate.

"This affair did not put me in great good humour with the world, and I found the island very unhealthy. Scorching suns and an unsocial life were not to my mind, so I determined to quit. There was an overseer on the estate who was as proud as a lord, and a sailor, your honour, does'nt like to stand no nonsense. I learned from him that the young owner of the estate had no idea of coming over, but was squandering away his property as fast as he could, and was considered as very wild and very extravagant. 'So much the worse for poor Bet,' thought I; and with that I gave up all idea of remaining, and went home as a seaman in a merchant-ship, having spent all my money, lost my wife, and being reduced to almost a shear hulk by the yellow fever.

"Arrived again in old England, things went as cross as ever. I had lost both my parents, and the West Indian had run away with my sister, ruined and deserted her. This took me a-back more than all the rest, so that leaving every thing in disorder, as to whatever the poor old man and woman might have had to leave behind them, I crowded all sail for London, in order to look after poor Bet, and to scuttle the villain who had betrayed her artless heart. Bet—" Here he stopped for a moment, the name stuck in his throat, his brow exhibited

a storm of the mind, and he turned red and pale alternately; but resuming his courage, and striking his clenched hand on the table, he continued, "All the other misfortunes of life's voyage were nothing to this; Bet was no where to be found, nor do I now know where to seek her. She had taken to a bad course of life, but that should not have shut my heart against her, but there was not a trace by which her present residence could be found, nor do I know whether she be dead or alive; she's dead to me," with a heavy sigh, "and so no more about it, and the man who destroyed her is gone to France."

A long silence ensued after this part of the narrative, during which I endeavoured to speak words of consolation to him. He resumed, "I thought once more of a sea-life, although I was broken up in constitution, when I met by accident with a young lawyer's clerk, who cheered up my hopes a bit. He asked me how matters stood in the village, and what father had left, and upon my informing him of my ignorance on the subject, he offered to go down to the country to see me righted, and he made me give him a power of attorney for that purpose; and he went down as he promised, and did so well for me that he brought up with him upwards of a hundred pounds, out of which he was to have half for his trouble, which I proposed and thought fair enough. About this time too he found out that I had a few pounds of prize-money unpaid, and down went I to Greenwich, and I touched it, and a pretty cruise he and I had with it. I threw sorrow overboard for awhile, and was beginning to forget every thing but poor Bet, when he calls upon me one morning, and says, 'Kit, you know I borrowed twenty pounds of you, besides all you gave me.' 'That be d—d,' said I, 'pay me when you can.' 'That I will,' said he, 'but Kit, I am off for America, and I shall get plenty of money there, and I will send over the twenty pounds to you; but in the meantime will you accept of my bill for the money payable at a tradesman's in town?' 'To be sure I will, Bob,' said I. 'Well, then,' said he,

'just write across this here paper, *accepted*, and sign your name, and it will be all right.' 'Very well, Bob,' quoth I; 'I have almost forgotten to write; for I neglected my education altogether by going so young to sea, but here goes;' and I puts my name to the bit of paper.

"Bob Latitat went off as he proposed, and merry we were the day before he embarked; but lo and behold you, in two months after he was gone, a fellow comes to me with 'Pray, sir, arn't your name Mr. Christopher Clewlines?' 'The same,' said I. 'Well then I have got your acceptance for twenty pounds.' 'True,' replied I; 'and be you going to pay me the money?' The fellow burst out o' laughing in my face, and adds, 'No, to be sure, it is you that have got to pay me twenty pounds, which I gave Mr. Latitat in goods for your acceptance.' 'Why, you ugly Jew,' cried I, for he was a Jew, 'do you think that I am to be swindled out of twenty pounds that way? I tell you Bob Latitat owes me twenty pounds, and I accepted his bill for the money.' 'We'll see about that,' quoth the Jew, and off he walked, and in about an hour after I was taken in tow by two bailiffs, who dragged me once more to prison. Then I considered myself as ruined and undone, laid up for life, but one of my fellow prisoners advised me to take the *dissolvent* act, which cost me about a dozen pounds, and the debt still not paid, so that I lost my time and my money, and am now branded with the name of a white-washed debtor—I who never owed a shilling that I could not pay, nor injured a fellow-creature, and all this for serving an ungrateful friend—is not this too bad? Since I have been out of confinement I have been half starved, all because I would keep honest, and not disgrace the old blue jacket, which, like the union jack after a severe action, may be torn to ribands, but still remains unstruck. I am now the wreck of what I was. I calls myself *the wreck ashore*,—but if ever I can get off again, I'll end my course where I began it, on the bosom of the ocean."

With this sentence ended the sea-

man's tale. I paid his reckoning, and gave him a lift besides. He certainly had just cause to complain of man's ingratitude, and to prefer all the perils of the deep to the dangers and disappointments of a landsman's life. Poor Jack was out of his element on shore, his honest heart was not formed for a cold, deceitful world, yet was just such as would suit his profession,

and lead him to acts of glory and benevolence. Such is the true character of a British sailor—by turns a lion and a lamb, kind in friendship and fierce in fight, a stranger in his native land, but at home on the vasty deep; and that he may never be forgotten or neglected when his services are no longer required, is the sincere wish of

THE SEAMAN'S FRIEND.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON, THOU LONELY ONE.

BY W. MINOT, JUN. ESQ.

WEEP on, weep on, thou lonely one,
Thine hour of bliss is past,
Thine only link to life is gone—
The loveliest and the last.

Oh! how will sorrow dwell upon
The features of despair,
How madly gaze when hope is flown,
And nought but misery near.

The brow by sadness shaded o'er—
The lip that cannot smile—
The heart that has no joy in store,
No pleasure to beguile—
Will bless the tear that ever flows—
Above its treasure gone—
Will break—nor vainly seek repose—
Or “brokenly live on.”

SLAVE QUESTION.

NOTHING can be more senseless or absurd than the clamour which is raised, by a few arrogant dictators, on the subject of Negro manumission. But the cry of “a speedy annihilation to Slavery” is up, and there are, no doubt, many who, to gain a short-lived and dubious notoriety, would at “one fell swoop” blot out from the records of law and justice the registered rights of thousands. Did these soi-disant “saints”—these self-named “friends of humanity,” proceed on the broad basis of equal good to all, every subject of these realms would point to their conduct with admiration and approval. But when, on the contrary, it is known that they are men utterly incapable of arriving at any celebrity

in the noble career of patriotic usefulness—when it is seen that, without the power to grasp the phantom, they still struggle after fame through the little dirty avenues of public wrong—their conduct should be exposed—their clamour should be cried down. And what can be more presumptuous than the course which they have lately pursued! It almost baffles belief, that eight individuals, none of whose names are hallowed by their country's love—none of whose acts ever shed a lustre around her greatness—should dare to step forth as her advisers, and take upon themselves the power of deciding for her sons.* And what means the jargon of their address? What deduction is to be drawn from their call

* The Address of the “London Anti-Slavery Society” to the People of Great Britain.

to the people of this kingdom, to prefer "humanity to oppression"—"freedom to slavery"—"truth to falsehood?" Is it that in their frenzied hope they imagine that by tampering with the passions and prejudices of the people, they will be able to blind their reason! Or do they suppose that by heaping calumny, wrong, and falsehood, on the heads of others, truth will be reflected back on them! Preposterous absurdity! Can it be presumed that a Buxton or a Macaulay can feel more real interest, or experience a deeper anxiety, for the welfare of the Negro Population of our West India Colonies, than those whose property is comprised in them, whose very means of existence are identified with their happiness and well-being? But leaving this question unanswered, it is contended that no honest man, no man whose object was universal good, would adopt and circulate measures calculated to engender rebellion, and to produce a course of flagitious injustice. Why not, instead of inflaming the minds of the Negroes, suggest some reasonable mode of indemnifying the Proprietor, who, under the sanction of his country's laws, has embarked his capital in those regions of earthquake, and hurricane, and death. But this cannot be—and England is too poor to relinquish the revenue of 16,000,000*l.*, which her Colonies of that hemisphere produce. She cannot, therefore, afford to redeem her pledge of indemnification; and surely such was included in the guarantee of protection which induced her sons to pour wealth into her coffers by settling there. And in the audacious quackery of their cant, they whine out that "none look with greater horror on the shedding of blood, or the remotest chance of occasioning such a calamity, than themselves; but, that they are in their consciences convinced, after investigation most careful and scrupulous, that from the emancipation recommended, no risk to the White inhabitants could arise." Where then are the evidences of history and reason? Let these sophists turn to St. Domingo—let them read the truth of their *conscientious* declaration in the late occur-

rences at Antigua.....That man who, to advance his own petty ends, whether they be of ambition or wealth, would strip his neighbour of his legal right, should be branded with the denunciation of the Roman poet:—

"Hunc tu, Romane, caveto"

stamped upon his brow, would be the mark at which the finger of hissing scorn might point. But leaving the London Anti-Slavery Society to the prosecution of their wild and blundering measures, it will be more to the point to inquire the consequences that those measures would produce, if it were possible to carry them into effect by a parliamentary intervention. Human nature is prone to selfishness, I will not therefore dwell on the misery and distress which would pervade every portion of the White Population, if an "early and utter extinction of Slavery" were permitted; nor will I draw the picture of anarchy and bloodshed which would ravage the Black. I will simply ask, how will the prosperity of England be advanced by it? Will it tend to strengthen the commercial credit of the empire? Surely not! An effective nursery for our sailors removed, will it enhance the naval prowess of Great Britain? Surely not! In the event of a war with America, will an impaired power, or no power at all, in the approximate seas, render our contests more successful? Surely not! Shall we lessen the evil by leaving other nations in a wider indulgence of it? Surely not! "England," observed Sir Robert Peel, on a late occasion, "will stand or fall with her colonies." What then is the benefit, what the good to be derived by the course of chivalrous injustice which is proposed!

Nothing can be more fair or rational than the call which has been made by the colonial proprietors to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, urging them "to instruct their representatives to join with them in demanding such an impartial examination upon oath, of the whole of this momentous question, as shall serve to show what is the real condition of the Negroes; what progress they have made, and

are now making, towards civilization; and what well digested measures are best calculated, in the terms of important and well-known resolutions of both houses of parliament, "to prepare them for a participation of those civil rights and privileges which are enjoyed by other classes of His Majesty's subjects"—and this "at the earliest period compatible with the well-being of the Slaves themselves, with the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the rights of private property." Why then is it not pursued! Must declamation and clamour usurp the place of reason! Shall misrepresentation and falsehood be permitted to dash from the acceptance of the government and of the people a proposal so fair and just! Were it possible, the honour of England would be lost by it.

If the Colonist ever had a right of property in the Negro, he possesses it still. Under what authority then can he be deprived of it? In the second volume of his History of England, Sir James Mackintosh gives, among others, the following admirable remarks on property. Proceeding from any pen they would indeed have been truly important, but they are doubly so from his, when his high legislative character is considered.

"Property," says this acute reasoner, "is legal possession. Whoever exercises a certain portion of power over any thing in a manner which, by the laws of the country, entitles him to an exclusive enjoyment of it, is a proprietor. Property varies in the extent of the powers which it confers, according to the various laws of different states. Its duration, its descent, its acquisition, its alienation, depend solely upon these laws. BUT ALL LAWS CONSIDER WHAT IS HELD OR TRANSMITTED AGREEABLY TO THEIR RULES AS ALIKE POSSESSING THE CHARACTER OF INVIOLEABLE SACREDNESS. There may be, and there is, property for a term of years, for life or for ever. It may be absolute

as to the exercise of the proprietor's rights, or it may be conditional, or in other words, held only as long as certain conditions are performed. In all these cases the essence of property is preserved, which consists in such a share or kind of power as the laws confer. The advantages may be extremely unequal. The inviolable right must (by the force of terms) continue perfectly equal.....The legal limits of the authority of the supreme legislature are not a reasonable object of inquiry, nor indeed an intelligible form of expression. But to conclude that, because the law may, in some sense, be said to create property, the law is to be deemed, on that account, as entitled rightfully to take it away, is a proposition founded on a gross confusion of two very distinguishable conceptions. It uses the word property in the premises for a system of rules, and in the conclusion for a portion of external nature, of which the dominion is acquired by the observance of these rules. It is only in the first of these senses that property can be truly called the creature of law. In the second sense it is acquired or transmitted not by law, but by the acts of a man when his acts are conformable to legal rules."

From the high authority above quoted, it is evident that a right of property once vested in the proprietor becomes inalienable; by what perversion of justice then can the colonist be stripped of his—at least without a fair compensation? Should Mr. Buxton, or any of his worthy coadjutors, be desired to relinquish their hereditary estates at the bidding of some mad zealot, would not the unreasonableness of the demand prove to him the incapability or "utter extinction" of the demandant's reasoning faculties? Why then should not he be visited with a similar judgment? The injury now meditated is quite as great—the folly quite as glaring. Why then should it not be as instantly contemned and rejected?

WM. M——, JUN.

EPIGRAM.

AT Epsom last week, when the Derby was won,
 And the knowing ones gain'd, and the losing ones—*run*,
 Two friends, the first tall, and the other much less,
 With a body whose make bore the form of an S,
 Accidentally met, and the greetings that past
 Were such as may well be conceived, till at last
 Said the first, "So you managed, I see, to get down."—
 "Oh, yes," cried the other, "*I came straight from town.*"
 "Indeed!" cried his friend, "then allow me to say
 That your body was deucedly *warped* on the way."

J. S. C.

THE ELECTION.

BY JOHN S. CLARK, ESQ.

"To-morrow, dearest," exclaimed Steuart, hurrying away from the fond endearments of an affectionate girl, "to-morrow will be the important day of trial—already have we the majority of promises—let our friends but come to the poll, and the victory is our own." "Success attend you, dear Edward," replied she, "be firm and faint not;" and while her lover hastened to his industrious committee, she was busied in preparing bows, banners, and other important electioneering items, without which a contest for parliamentary honours would be deprived of one half its charms. Edward Steuart was an orphan, early left with a large fortune, but without those qualifications of high birth and patronage which in the eyes of some are such indispensable requisites for introduction to exalted society. His father had been a tradesman in a large manufacturing town, and, by the strictest economy, probity and honour, had been enabled to rise from a humble clothier to the possession of one of the finest estates in the west of England. The good qualities of the parent were inherited by the son, the hero of our present narrative, and were duly estimated in the heart of Ellen Duville, whom he saw and loved shortly after his return from his studies at college. Sir Frederick Duville, whose domain was joined to that of Edward Steuart, was a strange heterogeneous animal, whose mind presented a singular compound of pride and humility, parsimony and benevolence. Descended from a pure

line of illustrious ancestry, and painfully jealous of any attempt at deteriorating his aristocratical importance, he yet disdained not to visit the cottage of the poor, to minister to the sick and needy in their affliction, to admonish the young, to support the aged, and to render himself both beloved and feared. Often had he been seen, after rigorously chiding some unfortunate menial who may have, for a moment, unhappily forgotten the high respect due to his master's dignity, stooping beneath the porch of a lowly hut, praying with and comforting its dying inmate, administering consolation to the poor in spirit, and soothing its last agonies with the hopes of a hereafter; and then returning to his princely mansion, he would proudly and loftily resume his former demeanour, casting off, as it were, the garb of heaven, and arraying himself in the attire of frail mortality. A love of money was another of his characteristics, and so intense was his passion for the acquirement of additions to an already overflowing coffer, that he cared not to what acts of meanness he resorted in their attainment, so that he kept within the bounds of honour. But here again his better angel had the dominion, and paradoxically united charity to this opposite propensity. We well recollect an extraordinary circumstance which transpired shortly after our introduction to this singular man. One of his tenants, a steady and industrious labourer, had of late not been so punctual in the payment of his rent as

heretofore; indeed, for six months he had received from this quarter no supply of his favourite commodity. Sir Frederick resolved on knowing the reason, and entering the cottage, addressed himself to a good-looking cleanly attired woman, who was evidently the wife of its occupant. "Well, Mary, where is my rent? John used to be more punctual than this." "Please your honour, John has been long laid up—one of our cows died two months ago come Lammas, and things have gone but badly of late; we must turn out, your honour, I fear; our baker vows he'll arrest us, the tax gatherer wont wait after Monday, and," added she, wiping her eyes, "for my poor sick husband to be carried to a cold damp prison, your honour, would be his death for sartain." Sir Frederick was moved—a tear started to either eye, and his heart throbbed heavily. "Well, Mary, this is sad news—sad news indeed — 'tis impossible, you know, to support the dignity of one's house if tenants don't pay their rent—let us see—how much now would clear ye of the world, and make ye happy?" Mary replied that she was almost afraid to name the sum, it was so monstrous—thirty pounds would barely cover it. "Well," gravely rejoined Sir Frederick, slowly untying a red morocco pocket-book which he carried about him, "here's a receipt for your rent, and here's a bill on my bankers' at two months' date for 100*l.*—tho' stop, perhaps you prefer the money, so I'll cash the bill, and charge you only four per cent. discount;"* and so saying and so doing, he strutted out of the cottage, leaving the poor woman a statue of gratitude and amazement. Such was the father of our heroine. Entertaining for Steuart all the love and esteem which his excellent qualities deserved, he yet could not forget his original nothingness—to behold his daughter united to a plebeian, would in his mind have been worse than death; and yet, knowing the wealth which her admirer possessed, he could not help reflecting on the advantages which would

arise when the thickset-hedge which now divided a large portion of their estates was cut down, and the domain thrown into one. But then, again, Steuart was without fame or patronage; excepting in their own immediate neighbourhood, few knew that he existed; and he could not bear the idea that his daughter should be wedded to an obscure individual, or that the heirs of her body should be deemed on their father's side unconnected. To remedy, if possible, this sole objection to giving his consent to the ardent wishes of an only child and amiable friend, Sir Frederick suggested one morning, somewhat suddenly, to our hero, as the parliament was about to be dissolved, the practicability of standing for the county. Steuart was at a loss how to reply; in truth, his thoughts had rarely extended beyond his studies and his mistress, and his unambitious mind recoiled at the idea of a public display; Sir Frederick, however, in a peculiarly proud, solemn deportment and voice, impressed upon him the high honour which he would derive from an alliance with his daughter, between whom and himself he well knew that an attachment existed; he then drew a contrast between the ratio of respectability and high blood of his own family and that of the Steuarts, (to the no small annoyance of the latter, whose indignation had more than once nearly burst into an impetuous reply,) and finally assured him, that on the failure or success of the present election, would vitally depend his union with the daughter of Sir Frederick Duville. The struggle was to the eyes of Edward stupendous, but **THE PRIZE!**—how exquisite! and suddenly rousing himself from the lethargy into which the proposal had thrown him, we are confident that had the mastering of an army with his single sword been the ordeal through which he was to pass in the attainment of his object, Edward Steuart would have dashed into the battle, and trusted to his love alone to strengthen and support him. * * * * The instant it was known that a nominee of Sir Frederick

* Extraordinary as this act may appear, it actually occurred in the career of an eccentric Jew Baronet lately deceased.

Duville's was the candidate for the county, one general stir was visible among the electors, and two gentlemen of respectability, the political principles of one of whom differed from those of Steuart, declared themselves as his opponents. Committees were formed in all directions—huge placards declaratory of the sentiments of either party covered the walls—squibs of all kinds and character passed from hand to hand, and every heart and soul seemed wrapt in the result of the coming contest. We have now again brought our reader to the moment at which our narrative commenced.

At times flushed with hope and joyful anticipation, and then at every refusal disappointed and agonized, Edward rested not day or night, writing, canvassing, and plotting. He was himself a reformer, but not madly so; he desired to see our constitution purified, but not destroyed—cleansed, but with a careful and experienced hand, lest while erasing from the canvass those stains and imperfections which had arisen out of the difference of ages, the portrait itself should be deprived of all its worth, beauty, and animation—lest, in fine, while gathering up the tares, the wheat should be gathered up also. One of his opponents entertained the same opinions; the other, on the contrary, a radical reformer, (shut out, as are all his class, from a view of the machinery within, and utterly unconscious how completely calculated is the wildness of their theory to destroy its complicated and delicate workmanship,) imagined that an entire new order and management would at once ensure happiness and prosperity, without reflecting how much wiser it would be to prepare the people for the change by a gradual modification, in lieu of plunging them on a sudden into a state for which they are evidently unfitted. A bird born and bred in a cage would expire if suddenly turned loose into the air. Novelty, however, has its charms, and poor Edward was certainly not the popular candidate, if we may deduce the inference from popular clamour; most of the lower orders were decidedly against him—his own tenantry, the monied men, and indeed nearly the whole of

the higher class, were in his favour. The numbers may be therefore said to have been rather equally divided.

On the day of nomination I proceeded in a carriage, accompanied by three of my own political party, to the scene of action. It was a wide open field adjoining the county town of E—, and the view was one of the most lively and animated I ever witnessed. As far as the eye could reach, innumerable groups of figures, some on foot, some on horseback, and others in carriages of all kinds and descriptions, lined the vicinity. It was curious to observe the temporary independence of the voters, and to the impartial observer, must have highly exalted the traduced character of British freemen. I recollect asking my friend Steuart if he had canvassed his own tradesmen. He replied with an air of astonishment that he had not, as "*of course they would support him.*" "Not so certain," exclaimed I, "but here comes your own butcher, he shall solve the problem." Steuart advanced, and without relaxing a certain degree of hauteur which he generally wore, acquainted Mr. Gristle that he "should require his vote." Gristle was evidently mortified and annoyed—he placed his hat on his head somewhat perpendicularly—put his arms a-kimbo, and replied thus—"Why, looker master, a man's own's his own, and he don't like to part wi' it without knowing why—what do you mean to say when you gets into Parliament about the beer duties and the tax upon leather?" Now the beer made Steuart, as it has made others, *stagger*; and as to the leather duty, he knew no more about it than the sole of his shoe. But an answer, and an immediate one, was absolutely necessary, so he stammered out that "he intended to support the—the present measure." "Do ye?" roared Gristle—"what, the IMPERIAL measure? D—e, you shall have my vote," and giving my friend's hand an unsolicited grasp with the power of a vice, (although he doubtless considered such friendship a virtue,) strolled away towards the refreshment booth, leaving Steuart thunderstruck at this proof of the "*freedom of election.*"

At length came the momentous hour—the sheriff took the chair—he-side him were the three candidates and their friends, and in an adjoining booth, fitted up for the purpose, were ranged, as the papers stated, “crowds of beautiful and elegant females.” But there was one whose paly cheek and quivering lip plainly told how deeply *she* was interested in the result of the contest; and when it became my pleasing duty in proposing Edward Steuart, Esq., as a fit and proper person to represent the county, to dwell on the many virtues that adorned his character, her eye brightened, and tears of gratitude and transport rolled unconsciously adown her cheek. The proposal was seconded by Sir Frederick Duville, who, if he spoke of his own dignity and that of his “ancient house” rather too often, did nevertheless ample justice to my friend’s excellence. The nomination of the other candidates followed. One was a plain old country gentleman, endowed with much fun and fat, but no very brilliant intellectual acquirements, and who afforded infinite mirth by the *jeu d’esprits* levelled at the remaining nominee, a young exquisite, the exterior of whose pate was far more elaborately adorned than the interior. The show of hands was decidedly in favour of Steuart and his ancient compatriot, and Ellen’s heart beat high. Our exquisite gave a laboured laugh, put on an assumed careless deportment of figure, and adjusting his cravat, immediately demanded a poll. A vast concourse of people, in the interest of the various candidates, rushed to the booth. On all sides was heard one chaos of sound, in which the bickering of lawyers, the shouts of the multitude, the names of the candidates, and the discordant notes of an itinerant bagpipe-player, were mingled together in a state of “most admired disorder.”

It is incredible with what acrimony and bad feeling these contests are carried on—the ties of kindred—the soft and sweet relationships of life—are marred by them—all that was delightful of the past is lost in the frenzy of the present, or in the ambitious hopes of the future. I cannot

refrain from a partial description of an event which I witnessed during the very election, the progress of which I am recording. A young gentleman, who had journeyed from town to support the pretensions of the amiable and talented Steuart, approached the hustings to give his vote; but, to his utter astonishment, it was opposed by his own uncle, the brother of his departed father, who in life had been his friend and benefactor, his counsellor and guide. His voice trembled, he dared not look upon his nephew, and an ashy paleness overspread his countenance, as he attempted to utter the legal quibble, whereby to snatch from so near a relative the exercise of his pure and independent franchise. There was a twinkle in the old man’s eye, which proved to me that he was either ashamed of the motive which impelled him, or of the action itself. He seemed, for a moment, stricken with remorse, held back, as it were, by the whispering of a “still small voice” within. A recollection of the past flashed on his mind—he mentally contrasted his conduct with that of the departed—but perceiving then that he had gone too far to retract, he suffered himself to be made the *tool* of a party, meanly deprived his nephew of a vote, and Steuart of a plumper.

At the lapse of two hours the numbers were declared, and Edward Steuart found himself—the last on the list. The news was received with their usual accompaniment of shouts and hisses. Ellen turned pale, pleaded faintness, and retired to her carriage. The several candidates now addressed the electors—our fat friend, as the head man on the poll, spoke first—a speech which breathed more honesty than intellect. The dandy followed. “The—a—intense obligation which I feel myself, brother freemen, under to you,” said he, “it is impossible to embody into the—the—form of expression. You have a—shown your discrimination—you have—a—a—manifested your appreciation of true talent, and given to a—intellectual greatness its proper station on your poll.” And taking out his snuff-box, extending his ring-adorned finger

to the utmost, and applying a white pocket handkerchief to his nose, he gave place to Edward Steuart. The latter was pointed and caustic while delineating the merits of the exquisite, mild and good-humoured to his larger friend, and finally, after thanking the electors who had supported him, and expressing his perfect assurance in his final success, sat down amid loud cheers. And he was not wrong in his anticipations. The following day saw him change places with the *élégant*; and early in the ensuing week he was announced, amidst enthusiastic shouts, as the candidate at the head of the poll. His speech, on the occasion, was short, but pithy — that of his fat neighbour had the first, but not the second of these merits. At the conclusion, after a slight curl of the upper lip, and a pulling-up of the neckcloth, arose the exquisite. "Gentlemen," said he, "a—it is related in Roman history, that an emperor was once chosen by the neighing of a horse;— (the multitude stared, wondering to what this could lead)—now I leave to my worthy opponents the full honour of being elected by the braying of asses, and retire from the contest;" and off he walked sure enough, and that too before the persons for whom the compliment was intended had determined whether they should applaud him for the resolution, or pelt him for his impudence.

* * * *

It was on a fine summer morning that the merry bells of E—— were ringing with an unusually joyous vehemence—flags were flying in every direction, groups of happy forms thronged the surrounding hills, stretching their necks to the utmost, in evi-

dent expectation of momentarily viewing some object on which their whole souls seemed riveted. I, who had long been absent on a distant shore, and had heard little or nothing of what was passing in my native town, demanded of a by-stander the reason for such outrageous ebullitions of feeling. "God bless you, sir," replied my informant, "what have you not heard the news?" On my answering in the negative, he told me a tale which I will take the liberty of condensing into a simple narrative.

On the return of Steuart from the hustings (I left him and England immediately on learning the success of the election) he solicited and obtained the consent of the father to an immediate union with the object of his choice; and shortly after a blazing paragraph in the public prints announced the marriage of Edward Steuart, Esq. M. P. for the county of —, to Ellen, daughter of Sir Frederick Duville, Bart. of Duville Park, granddaughter to the Earl of A——, great-granddaughter of the Marquis of B——, and niece to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Little did Sir Frederick imagine, while penning the last words of this flaming puff, that, ere his hoary and honoured head descended to the grave in peace, he should be one of the multitude which I now witnessed thronging to welcome to his exulting town the Earl of Rossmore, raised by his abilities and zeal for his country to the title of First Lord of the Treasury, and with his beautiful wife and children, now returning to receive the congratulations of those admiring friends who exalted him into consequence by THE ELECTION.

ALBUM.

SONG.

By Wm. Robertson Hayward, Esq.

THE lay, dear maid, I tender thee,
Boasts not poetic imag'ry;
Nor vainly would it seek to raise
From thy sweet lips the meed of praise.
All it would urge, is but to tell
The transports that this bosom swell,

And humble though its strains may be,
They want not in sincerity!

O, couldst thou but with searching eye,
My ev'ry hidden thought espy,
Then thou wouldst know how firm a part
Thine image holds within my heart!
How that I think of thee by day,
How often bless thee when I pray,

And how at night thy spirit seems
To hover near me in my dreams !

How fondly I recount the past,
Those moments sweet—too sweet to last—
And sigh to think that never more
Such bliss for us may be in store.
How that 'twould joy me, could I bear,
Instead of thee, thy bosom's care ;
And how one cheering look of thine
Can chase a world of woe from mine !

Then would each anxious hope and fear,
Without disguise to thee appear,
And more than feeble numbers prove
How fond affection seeks thy love !—
Time may glide on with joyous wing,
Or, cares increasing, sorrow bring ;
May weaken every other spell,
But thine preserve indelible !

M. Cuvier, in one of his early lectures at Paris on the natural sciences, remarked the astonishing conformity which existed in the traditions of various nations with respect to the period of the occurrence of the Deluge. The Hebrew text of Genesis fixes it in the year 2349 B. C. The Indians make the fourth age of the world—the age in which we are now living—commence in the year 3012. The Chinese place it about the year 2384. Confucius, in fact, represents the first king, Yao, employed in carrying off the waters of the ocean, which had reached the summits of the mountains, and in repairing the damage which they had caused.

WHAT IS LAW LIKE ?

Law is a country dance—people are led up and down in it till they are fairly tired out. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic too—they that take least of it are best off. It is like a homely gentlewoman—"very well to follow ;"—and like a scolding wife—very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion—people are bewitched to get into it, "and like bad weather,"—most people are glad to get out of it.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

By J. H. Wiffen, Esq.

Why stirs my heart ? was it thy voice, my love,

That stole into my ear like music dying
In the dim vale, or was it but the dove

Answering the nightingale, or zephyrs
sighing

Through the sweet woodbines ? What-
soe'er the noise,

It discomposed my joys.

I dreamt that we were sailing to a shore
Happier by far than this ; that living
breath

Inspired our bark, which, without sail or
oar,

Winged the blue wave : passed were the
gates of death,

And I, reclining in thy blest embrace,
Looked upwards on thy face.

I asked why when on earth thou hadst so
oft

Checked my fond passion with an air
austere

Resembling wrath ; and with a voice more
soft

Than lute or zephyr thou mad'st answer
—" Fear ;

Lest my changed eyes should speak of pas-
sion too !"

Oh ! tell me, dreamt I true ?

ANATHEMA ON A HAT.

Was there ever so vile an invention as this hat !—hard, edgy, ungraceful—a saucepan or peck-measure, with a paste-board rim. Its best look upstartish, its worst brutal, its least offensive imbecile. Shapeless except in deformity,—a thing that even a great painter finds impracticable, and that makes a great man look foolish. A form of uncompromising and angular lines, wherein a circle ceases to be pleasing, an oval graceful. The most ugly, unmeaning, and uncomfortable of artificial head coverings. High crown or low crown, broad brim or narrow, flat or curved, with whatever modification of fashion, it appears alike tasteless and offensive. A crown that weighs down the head, a brim that keeps off no sun ; an eyesore, a head-ache ; heavy without being warm ; if large not handsome, if little not elegant. An abortion of ingenuity ; the horror of taste ; a stigma on our national propriety ; worthy only of the coat that it surmounts.

CANOVA.

Many authors have fancied particular hours of the day, or particular seasons of the year, as more propitious to the flights of genius. Canova fancied the sun of Italy alone propitious to his genius ; a clouded sky or a foggy atmosphere cast a gloom on his spirits which he could not overcome, so that even Paris was to him the grave of genius. Napoleon perceived that in the bust Canova made of him, and which is now in the possession of Baron Denon, there was wanting that grand character which distinguished his works from the rest of modern sculptors, and observed to him that he did not think he had been happy in the

execution of his work. "I feel it, sire," replied Canova, "but I cannot help it; the clouded sky of France does not inspire me like the warm sun of Italy."

WIT BY THE WAYSIDE.

In the neighbourhood of Hoddam Castle, Dumfriesshire, there is a tower called Repentance. A pleasant answer of a shepherd's boy to Sir Richard Steele, founded on the name of this tower, is related. Sir Richard having observed a boy lying on the ground, and very attentively reading his Bible, asked him "if he could tell him the way to Heaven?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "you must go by that tower."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Love! love!—There are soft smiles and gentle words,
And there are faces, skilful to put on
The look we trust in—and 'tis mockery all!—

A faithless mist, a desert-vapour, wearing
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat
The thirst that semblance kindled!—There is none,

In all this cold and hollow world—no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within

A mother's heart.—It is but pride, where-with

To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,

The bright glad creature springing in his path,

But as the heir of his great name, the young,

And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long

Shall bear his trophies well.—And this is love!

This is *man's* love!—What marvel?—You ne'er made

Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings

His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair

Waved softly to your breath!—You ne'er kept watch

Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling as in triumph, broke
On your dim weary eye; not *your's* the face

Which early faded through fond care for him,

Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as Heaven's light,

Was there to greet his wakening. You ne'er smoothed

His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from your's

Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to his,

When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,

With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are *woman's* tasks!—In these

her youth
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked!

CURIOUS CHALLENGE.

About the early part of the last century, a female resided at Wanstead, who annually attracted the notice of the public by advertisements; that for 1717 was as follows:—"This is to give notice to all my honoured masters and their ladies, and the rest of my loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, to leap a horse, or run on foot, or hallo, with any woman in England, seven years younger, but not a day older, because I would not undervalue myself, being now seventy-four years of age. My feast will be the last Wednesday in this month, April, when there will be good entertainment for that day, and all the year after, at Wanstead, in Essex."

Useful INFORMATION.

It was calculated by a late astronomer, that with a lever whose *fulcrum* was 6,000 miles from the earth's centre, and with a moving power equal to 200 pounds in weight, or the power of an ordinary man, and in velocity equal to a cannon-ball, placed at the immense distance of twelve quadrillions of miles, it would require twenty-seven billions of years to move the earth one inch!

A Gascon trooper, at a review, in a rapid wheel lost his cap, which was presented him by a comrade on the point of his sword. "*Sandes!*" cried the Gascon, "I had rather been run through the body than through the cap!" "Why so?" said his comrade. "*Cadedis!*" cried the Gascon, "I have tried it with my doctor, but my hatter won't trust me a penny."

A new married gentleman and lady, riding in a chaise, were unfortunately overturned. A person coming to their assistance, observed it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking, indeed," replied the gentleman, "to see a new married couple fall out so soon."

SONG.

By *Thos. Haynes Bayly, Esq.*

I thank you for that downcast look,
 And for that blushing cheek ;
 I would not have you raise your eyes,
 I would not have you speak :
 Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
 I ask no other sign,
 While thus your little hand remains
 Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
 The tell-tale tears that steal
 Unbidden forth, and half betray
 The anxious fears you feel :
 From friends long-tried and dearly lov'd
 The plighted bride must part ;
 Then freely weep—I could not love
 A cold unfeeling heart.

* * * * *

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
 Though on my suit she smil'd,
 And, spurning every selfish thought,
 Gave up her darling child :
 Sigh not for *her*, she now may claim
 Kind deeds from more than *one* ;
 She'll gaze upon her Daughter's smiles,
 Supported by her Son !

I thank you for that look—it speaks
 Reliance on my truth ;
 And never shall unkindness wound
 Your unsuspecting youth :
 If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
 Oppress your husband's mind,
 Oh ! never fear to cling to me,—
 I could not be unkind.

The pace of a bachelor is sober ; he would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge ; but show him a woman who is entitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on as if he was walking for a wager. His housekeeper or his laundress he can talk to without reserve ; but any other of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependant, is his terror. A coffee-house is his *sanctum sanctorum* against bright eyes and dazzling complexions ; here he lounges out half his days, at home he sits down to his unsocial meal, and when his palate is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify. What becomes of him after death I am not casuist enough to determine. The felicity of a married man never stands still ; it flows perpetually, and strengthens in its passage ; it is supplied from various channels ; it depends more on others than himself. By a union with the genteeldest, most polished, most beautiful part of the creation, his mind is harmonized, his manners softened, his soul animated by the tenderest sensations. The house of a married man is his

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paradise ; he never leaves it without regret, never returns to it but with gladness ; the friend of his soul, the wife of his bosom, welcomes his approach with susceptibility ; joy beams on her cheek, mutual are their transports.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

By *Miss Landon.*

Thy voice is yet upon mine ear,
 I cannot lose the tone,
 Altho' I know what vanity
 Has made my heart its own ;
 For well I know I cannot be
 All thou hast made thyself to me.

I flung me on my couch to sleep,
 But there no slumber came ;
 I caught a sound, then blush'd to think
 I nam'd aloud thy name :
 How could I let one breath of air
 The secret of my heart declare !

That is the only blush, whose red
 Has lit my cheek for thee ;
 And even that blush hath not burnt,
 Had there been one to see.
 Oh ! never might my spirit brook
 Another on its depths to look !

I hear thee nam'd by those who keep
 Thy image in their heart ;
 I envy them, that they may say
 How very dear thou art.
 And yet, methinks, love may not be
 Kept better than in secrecy.

I blush not when I hear thy name ;
 I sigh not for thy sake ;
 And though my heart may break, yet still
 It shall in silence break.

I have, at least, enough of pride,
 If not to heal, my wound to hide.

'Tis strange how in things most remote
 Love will some likeness find ;
 It is as an electric chain
 Were flung upon the mind,
 Making each pulse in unison,
 Till they but thrill and throb as one.

I fly myself, as crowds could steal
 The arrow from my heart ;
 But there ten thousand things recall
 Scenes in which thou hadst part.
 In crowds alone it was we met ;
 How can they teach me to forget ?

Wearied, I turn to solitude,
 But all the dreams are gone,
 Which once upon my quiet hours
 Like fairy pageants shone.
 I feel too vividly to be
 Longer amused by phantasy.

I look upon the poet's page,
 My tear-fill'd ear grows dim ;
 I heard him once their numbers breathe,
 And now they breathe of him.

Less present to mine eye than ear,
His silver voice is all I hear.

Farewell! go join the careless world,
As gay, as cold, as free;
A passing dream, a moment's thought
Is all that I would be.

I wish—but that brief glance allow'd,
We fling upon an evening cloud.

I would not be beloved by thee;
I know too well the fate

That waits upon the heart, which must
Its destiny create.

A spirit, passionate as mine,
Lights only to consume its shrine.

I was not born for happiness;
From my most early hours

My hopes have been too brilliant fires,
My joys too fragile flowers.

An evil star shines over me;
I would not it were felt by thee.

Farewell! yet wherefore say farewell?

Mine are not parting words;
I do not wish to make one tone
Upon thy mem'ry's chords.

Love, still and deep as mine, can be
Content with its idolatry.

—
Dr. Moore, author of *Zeluco*, and various other works, used to say that at least two-thirds of a physician's fees were for imaginary complaints. Among several instances of this nature, he mentions one of a clothier, who, after drinking the Bath waters, took it into his head to try Bristol Hot-wells. Previous, however, to his setting off, he requested his physicians to favour him with a letter, stating his case to any brother Galen. This done, the patient got into a chaise and started. After proceeding about half way, he felt an itch to pry into the contents of the letter, when the following words presented themselves:—"Dear Sir,—The bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier; make the most of him." It is almost unnecessary to add that his cure was from that moment effected, as he ordered the chaise to turn, and immediately proceed home.

—
THE ANNIVERSARY.

By the Rev. Thomas Dale.

A year hath linger'd thro' its round
Since thou wert with the dead,
And yet my bosom's cureless wound
Still bleeds, as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm,
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed;

If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes—and how can I forget?

For mute are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee;

And thoughts in solitude have birth,
That lead me back to thee.

By day, amidst the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free;
It longs to leave a world unblest,
To flee away, and be at rest.

Rest! how, alas! should mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream—

The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far beseech
The child of sin—the heir of woe.
And what if mutual love may throw

A joy-imparting beam
O'er life's wide waste?—'Tis quickly gone,
And we must wander on alone.

It was no charm of face or mien
That link'd my heart to thee;

For many fairer I have seen,
And fairer yet may see.

It was a strong though nameless spell,
Which seem'd with thee alone to dwell;

And this remains to me,
And will remain—thy form is fled,
But this can ev'n recall the dead.

Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art;

Thy gentle eye and guileless brow
Are graven on my heart;
And, when on living charms I gaze,
Mem'ry the one lov'd form pourtrays—

Ah! would it ne'er depart!
And they alone are fair to me
Who make a livelier thought of thee.

Oft, too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear;

I seem, when all is hush'd around,
Thy thrilling voice to hear:
Oh! I could dream thou still wast nigh,
And turn as if to breathe reply.

The waking—how severe?
When on the sickening soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness!

A year hath pass'd—another year
Its wonted round may run;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear
As when its course begun.

I would not murmur or repine—
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still must sigh for one;

How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from ought beside?

Yet, dearest! though that treasur'd love
Now casts a gloom o'er all,
Thy spirit from its rest above
I would not now recall.

My earthly doom thou canst not share,
And I in solitude must bear

Whate'er may yet befall;
But I can share thy home, thy heaven,
All griefs forgot, all guilt forgiven!

A right good Cheshire farmer was lately accosted by the minister of his parish, who inquired how it was that when he preached the farmer always fell asleep, but when a stranger preached he kept awake, and was all attention? The farmer replied, "Why, sir, when *yo preachen* I know *aw's reet*; but when a stranger comes, I *conna* trust him, and so I *keeps* a good look out."

When George II. was once expressing his approbation of Wolfe, some one observed that the general was mad. "Oh; he is mad, is he?" said the king with great quickness, "then I wish he would *bite* some other of my generals."

YOU REMEMBER THE MAID.

By T. K. Hervey, Esq.

You remember the maid with her dark brown hair,
And her brow, where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamped it there,

Till it made adoration a duty;
And you have not forgot how we watched
with delight

Each charm, as a new one was given,
Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light,
And we thought her a spirit from heaven.

And *your* heart can recall, and *mine* often
goes back

With a sigh and a tear to the hours
When we gaz'd on her form as she followed
the track

Of the butterfly's wing thro' the flowers;
When in her young joy she would smile
with delight

On its plumage of mingling dyes;
Till she let it go free, and look'd after its flight,
To see if it entered the skies.

But she wandered away from the home of
her youth

One spring ere the roses were blown;
For she fancied the world was a temple of
truth,

And she measured all hearts by her own:
She fled on a vision, and lived on a dream,
And she followed it over the wave,

And she sought—where the moon has a
milder gloom,

For a *home*—and they gave her a *grave*.
There was one whom she *loved* tho' she
breathed it to none,

For *love* of her soul was a part;
And he *said* he *loved* her—but he left her *alone*

With the worm of despair in her heart.
And oh! with what anguish we counted
each day,

The roses that died on her cheek,
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
And wept for the beautiful wreck.

Yet here *eye* was as mild and as blue to the last,
Tho' shadows stole over its beam;

And her smiles are remembered since long
they are past,

Like the smiles we have seen in a dream.
And it *may* be that fancy deludes with her
spell,

But I *think* tho' her tones are as clear,
They were somewhat more soft, and their
murmuring fell

Like a dirge on the listening ear.
And while sorrow threw round her a holier
grace,

Tho' she *always* was gentle and kind—
Yet I thought that the softness which stole
on her face,

Had a softening power on her mind.
But it *might* be, her look and her tones
were more clear,

And we valued them more in decay,
As we treasure the last fading flower of the
year,

For we *felt* she was passing away!
She never complained—but she loved to
the last:

And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone
back to the past,

And the youth who had left her to die.
But mercy came down—and the maid is at
rest,

Where the willows wave o'er her at even,
With the turf of a far foreign land on her
breast,

Whence the palm tree points upward to
Heaven.

LORD LOTHIAN.

At a grand review, by his Majesty, of
the Portsmouth fleet, in 1789, there was
a boy who mounted the shrouds with so
much agility, as to surprise every spectator.
The king particularly noticed it, and said to
Lord Lothian, "Lothian, I have heard of
your agility, let us see you run up after
that boy." "Sire," replied Lord Lothian,
"it is my duty to *follow* your Majesty."

SIMPLICITY.

Dr. Brown, a physician, who practised
at Barbadoes, and was possessed of a con-
siderable sugar establishment and negroes,
having been robbed of a number of dollars,
called together his slaves. "My friends,"
said he, "the Great Serpent appeared to
me last night, and informed me that the
thief who stole my property should this
instant have a feather growing on the top
of his nose." The thief immediately clapped
his hand to his proboscis. "It is you,
sirrah!" exclaimed the Doctor. The sim-
ple negro confessed the theft, and his mas-
ter recovered the money.

Notices of Books.

"STILL PLEASED TO PRAISE, YET NOT AFRAID TO BLAME."

CABINET CYCLOPEDIA. Vol. XVIII. *The History of England.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Vol. II. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

This volume commences with the continuation of the reign of Henry VI. and concludes with that of Mary; embracing a period of our history from the year 1422 to 1558, which may be regarded as by far the least pleasant portion of our annals. The sanguinary wars of the rival roses, the profligate and tyrannical despotism of the Eighth Henry, and the gloomy and inauspicious reign of the cruel Mary, form the subjects of the present volume.

Public attention has been so much alive on this work, and so great the expectation from the known powers of its erudite author, that we cannot but regret the length of period which elapses between the appearance of each volume. If, in looking narrowly at the two before us, we are disposed to think that they more approach to a series of essays on history than history itself—if we are compelled to assert that they are perhaps too replete with disputative inquiry, we are also willing to admit that they possess much that is intrinsically valuable—much that is sound and judicious. We have had occasion to extract some very admirable remarks on property in another part of this number, which, introduced as they are by Sir James Mackintosh, in reference principally to the suppression of the monasteries in the time of Henry, display that liberal and philosophical spirit which belongs to him, with considerable effect. We shall look anxiously to the completion of the work, and have pleasure in recommending it to the perusal of our readers.

THE DELIVERANCE OF SWITZERLAND. A Dramatic Poem. By H. C. Deukin, Author of "Portraits of the Dead," &c. London, 1831. Smith, Elder & Co.

This poem has ever been a favourite of ours, and we therefore rejoice to find that it has already reached a second edition. The merits have been often and largely commented on, and are therefore generally known, and the estimation in which it is held, is best evinced by the appearance of another edition. To those of our readers who have not yet indulged themselves in its perusal, we would confidently recommend it, as well for the general interest which it excites, as for the nobility of the sentiments it contains, and the pure and classical language in which it is written.

PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD. By the same Author. Smith, Elder & Co. London, 1831.

This volume has also appeared in its second edition, and we congratulate the public on the favourable reception which they gave it, since it served to induce the publication which we have above noticed, and which has been so deservedly successful.

FAMILIAR GERMAN EXERCISES, adapted to the *Compendious German Grammar.* By A. Bernays. Treuttel & Co. London, 1831.

We omitted to notice in our review of the "German Poetical Anthology" of this gentleman, that he had published a "Compendious German Grammar," and the Exercises to which we here refer. The work is now before us, and fully maintains the reputation the author has already acquired by his other productions. It consists of a series of Exercises on the various parts of speech, so arranged as to lead the student gradually through the difficulties of that perplexing language, commencing with the declensions, and ultimately conducting him to the higher parts of syntax. An Appendix is also added, containing a list of terminations of substantives, with their genders and declensions; one of adjectives, and the cases they govern; one of verbs, marking the auxiliary verb they require, together with the prepositions governing various cases, and a collection of miscellaneous and idiomatic phrases. We have only to add that it is beautifully printed, that the mode in which it is sent forth to the world is worthy its contents, and surely we need say nothing further to recommend it to the attention of such of our readers as may need the instruction it is intended to convey.

DR. LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY. Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831. Vol. II. Longman and Co.

We had occasion to speak rather harshly of some portion of the first volume of this work, and in the present tome there are a few which will not stand the test of Tory criticism. Generally speaking, however, it is a more able production than the other, the sentiments are more pure, and the deductions less partial. The Belgian revolution, in particular, is drawn in its true colours in opposition to those foolish twaddlers who laud and magnify traitors, and designate all rebellion patriotism. The

following description (and by a Whig too) of the proceedings of a man (Lord Brougham) who has been more puffed and flattered than any fortunate and crafty statesman in the past century, is good :—

"The formation of the Ministry, expeditious as it was, was said to have been embarrassed and delayed by the conduct of the chief Opposition leader in the House of Commons, who had overturned the previous Cabinet. Desirous of place, but equally desirous of the reputation of despising it; devoured with the flames of ambition, but covering his ambition with the veil of self-denial; resolved to have the highest prize in his profession or none, and yet allowing it to be supposed that he would decline it if offered; formidable to his friends by his reputed indiscretion, and more formidable to his enemies by the activity of his talents; almost equally dangerous to be obliged or to be neglected; indulging in the wanton caprice of a power which he knew was now necessary to any Ministerial arrangement, and yet shrinking from a declaration of his own claims to preferment—he rendered doubtful for some days the success of Lord Grey's Ministerial negotiations. His friends admitted his importance to the extent of doing nothing without his concurrence, because his opposition might be dangerous to the stability of their structure; but they could not at first consent to place him on its highest pinnacle, because he would present too broad a mark for their enemies to fire at. In pretending to weigh the representation of Yorkshire against the Great Seal, he only resolved to retain the former because he was not pressed to take the latter; and employed the menace of a Reform in the House of Commons to stimulate the Premier to call him out of it."

POEMS. By Mrs. J. S. Prowse. Smith and Elder; Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1830.

Among the pseudo poets of the present day there are but about two in every hundred whose works will outlive the closing of a year, or whose numbers will dwell upon the mind one hour from the period of their perusal. They are, in fact, but mere playthings of the present—easy-chair appendages, cast aside when their tinklings become troublesome. It is therefore most pleasing to alight on a gem in such a mine, to hail a poetess like the present, whose every line breathes forth soul, and whose sentiments do equal justice to her heart and head. We select "The Gamester" (a poem which has before appeared, we believe, in the late "University Magazine,") as an exquisite production, whether in regard to its pure

poetic feeling, or the fine moral lesson which it inculcates.

"I saw a fair and flaxen-haired boy
Shed kindly tears upon a wounded dove,
And press it to his innocent young lips;
Striving in vain to give reviving breath
To the death-stricken flutterer: then I
 bless'd

The sweet humanity of the bright child,
And thought how his kind heart, in after
 years,

Would make the happiness of creatures fair
And sinless like himself. I strove to
 soothe

His gentle sorrow, and his large blue eyes
Look'd up in gratitude, whilst a bright
 smile

Play'd like a sunbeam o'er his matchless
 face.

Long years passed on: I sought the crowded
 town;—

But often to my thought that lovely child
Came like a fairy vision: in the world
I nothing saw so beautiful,—so kind.

There is a gentle being sits alone
In yon low chamber; on her wearied knees
A sleeping babe is lying; on its cheek
The mother's tears have fallen, and see, it
 stirs

Its little limbs, and, with a peevish cry,
Opens its full blue eyes, as if to ask
What means the unkind shower: then, at
 once,

The desolate girl dries up her tears, and
 smiles

Upon the moaning infant, and puts back
The glossy ringlets from its sunny brow,
And kisses the sweet baby, till a smile
Disparts his rose-bud lips:—that eye, that
 smile,

They are the same I once have look'd upon;
The same that grac'd the tender-hearted
 child

Who mourn'd his dying bird—these help-
 less ones

They are his own—his wife and his fair
 boy.

'Tis past the hour of midnight: still she
 sits

And hears no sound, but the dull watch-
 man's tread

Ring slowly o'er the pavement: the hush'd
 babe

Hath sunk again to slumber; his soft breath
Moves lightly the neglected curls that hang
O'er his sad mother's bosom:—surely her's
Should be a fate of blessedness; the bride
Of one so tender: but these lonely tears—
Are these the signs of happiness? that form

Wasted with fev'rish watching—this dull room

Bearing the marks of abject penury,
These do not speak of bliss. A heavy step
Winds slowly up the dark and narrow stair :
Can this be he—the vision of my youth,
The beautiful, the tender ? That flush'd cheek,

Robb'd of its youthful freshness—those dim eyes

Heavy with midnight riot—these the same
I look'd upon when innocence and health
Shone like a glory round him ?—

Alas, for human excellence ! that minds
Gifted with all the rich and golden stores
Of genius and feeling, should so oft
Be first to catch the world's polluted stain,
Whose blackness rests upon their name
for ever !

That ill-starr'd youth hath fallen the game-
ster's prey !

His open heart expos'd him to the wiles
Of cold and selfish men : he hath lost all,—
All save these hapless ones ; and they are
doom'd

To share the burthen of his want and crime.

Few words are spoken by that wretched
pair ;

Languid and spiritless, he throws his
limbs

Upon the humble couch, and scarce replies
To all her fond solicitude : she fears
His health is vanished with his happiness,
And tremblingly hangs o'er her guilty lord,
With all the tenderness that woman feels,
When the unworthy partner of her life
Is suffering or penitent.

It is not in man's heart to see unmov'd
Such uncomplaining grief :—a bitter pang
Shoots thro' the bosom of the libertine,
As he beholds the innocent young face
Which bloom'd so lately fresh in rosy
health,

Now sunk with silent suffering. He draws
The mild enduring being to his arms,
And tears, repentant tears, o'erflow his
eyes.

They fall like dews from heaven ; his many
crimes

Are all forgiven by that gentle one ;
She sees him but the husband of her love,
The father of her child. Upon her knees
She sinks before him, and in the great name
Of the eternal God, implores that he
Will leave the evil men, whose arts have
wrought

Such change in his pure heart :—her holy
words,

Her beautiful pale face turn'd up to heaven
In pray'r for his mis-doings—his young boy
Sleeping in lovely helplessness—he feels
That these are twining round his heart again

In all their touching sacredness.—What
spells

Dost thou, oh vice ! possess, to draw the
soul

From these most pure affections ! Can it be
That he, who looks upon that saint-like
form,

Who knows, that for his sake, those eyes
have lost

Their diamond radiance, that fair cheek
its bloom,—

Shall again return to the dark ways
Of reckless dissipation ?—In this hour,
This quiet time of midnight, he abjures
The errors of his life, and solemnly
Calls upon Heaven to witness to his vows.

Alas ! this penitence hath passed away
Ere many suns have set : he will not bear
The shame of poverty, and seeks again
The worshippers of mammon : practises
The arts that once ensnar'd himself, to draw
The young and the unwary into ruin.
And his sweet wife,—of her he hath no
thought ;

Except to feel her sinless life reproach
The errors of his black and guilty soul ;—
His young babe's half-formed words, its
fairy clasp.

The tender name of " Father,"—all those
ties

Which form man's happiness, and keep his
heart

Pure, by their purity, are nought to him ;
He will not even teach his looks to wear
The semblance of affection ; cold and stern
He meets the fondness of his angel wife.

She hath lost hope : her meek and loving
eyes

Have ceas'd their mild remonstrances ;
each day

She is a little weaker :—feeble grow
Her thin pale hands, that cannot now sup-
port

The steps of her dear infant : her soft voice,
So touching in its melody, hath lost

Its silver clearness ; a faint hectic flush
Spreads sometimes o'er the whiteness of
her cheek,

Then dies away like the last rosy gleam
Of the descended sun on evening skies ;
A sure and fearful omen that the night
Is closing o'er its beauty. He recks not
Her visible decay, but holds his course
Of desperate wickedness ; and when, one
morn,

Wearied with fierce excess, he seeks his
home,

He comes, and finds the gentle creature
dead !

Behold him now,

When at the midnight hour, haggard and
pale

He hurries to the haunt of infamy ;
 With eager haste he takes his wonted seat
 Amid his vile associates, and soon
 The fearful rites of avarice begin.
 A deep and hideous silence, as of death,
 Reigns o'er the unhallowed votaries of
 wealth,

While expectation thrills each beating nerve
 To painful consciousness : look upon *him*,
 Mark his contracted brow—his straining
 eyes,

Gleaming with horrid light, or wildly fix'd,
 As phrensies were at work within his brain.
 And see his livid lips, now, close com-
 press'd,

Anon, with ghastly smile half opening ;
 While his breath, quick-drawn and hard,
 betokens

That his soul is wrought to desperation.—
 Success awhile attends him—a fierce joy
 Flashes across his brow, rend'ring more
 drear

Its fearful meaning, (as the light'ning's glare
 More plainly shows the depth of midnight's
 gloom.)

With the exulting gladness of a fiend,
 He views the ruin of his fall'n compeers :
 No kindly thought stays his relentless hand ;
 He owns no sympathy with fellow men ;
 He feels no human charities—the curse
 Of avarice is on him, and he marks
 The evil he is working with delight.

Dizzy with fortune's smiles, he ventures on,
 And marks not his companions' eager eyes
 Watchful to seize the moment when he may
 Stand a self-branded villain—soon it comes,
 That climax of his shame ! from ev'ry tongue
 Burst threats and execrations, rage and
 scorn.

Despairing, mad, he rushes from the place
 As he would flee himself. Where shall he
 turn ?

The night is dark, and the rude tempest
 howls :

He needs not these—a deeper, blacker
 night

Glooms in his breast—and fiercer tempests
 rage :

Shame, horror, ruin, threat on ev'ry side,
 While in his bosom sounds a dreadful voice ;
 It tells of talents misapplied, time lost,
 Affection outraged, ev'ry social tie
 Despised and trampled on ; at once his hand
 Raises the fatal tube—and lo ! ere thought
 Has paus'd one little moment to repent,
 He plunges into an eternal world, and ends
 A life of falsehood, with a death of shame !

And here the muse must leave him : finite
 man

Does not set bounds to mercy infinite ;
 But the mind trembles at a fate like his,
 And feels it more than pestilence would
 shun

A crime which makes its votaries outcasts
 here,
 Nor leaves a glimpse of hope for an here-
 after."

We cannot refrain from giving one more
 extract from this beautiful collection of
 poems.

INCONSTANCY.

" No ;—'tis in vain, thou canst not hide
 Thy changing love from me ;
 I am no more thy hope, thy pride,
 As I was wont to be.

No more thine eyes with fondness beam
 When they are met by mine ;
 Careless and cold thy glances seem,
 Oh ! can such looks be thine ?

Hast thou forgot ? when first we met,
 I fear'd to trust thy vow ;
 Oh would that I had doubted yet,
 I were not wretched now.

Farewell for ever ! life is fair,
 And full of hope for thee ;
 A broken heart, a fixed despair,
 These are thy gifts to me."

SUNDAY LIBRARY. Edited by Dr. Dibden.
 Vol. III. Longman and Co. 1831.

The present collection yields not in value
 to the two former volumes. Indeed, we
 know no better " Family Sermon Book"
 than is contained in this publication.

THE ART OF PREVENTING THE LOSS OF THE
 TEETH. By Joseph Scott, Dentist. Simp-
 kin and Marshall. 1831.

A very excellent treatise, from a clever
 and experienced dentist, which those read-
 ers who value a good set of teeth will do
 well to peruse.

SKETCHES OF SPAIN AND MOROCCO. By Sir
 Arthur De Capell Brooke, Bart. M.A.
 F.R.S. &c. Colburn and Bentley. Lon-
 don. 1831.

A neat, well written, and entertaining volume
 —the work of an intelligent traveller, whose
 pages exhibit a fund of interest and amuse-
 ment, drawn from what we had imagined
 to be an already exhausted store. The
 following description of the Moorish char-
 acter we select as being ably and impar-
 tially delineated :

" In person, the Moor is tall and straight,
 of a commanding figure, and possessing
 great muscularity of form, with dark eyes,
 white teeth, a beard like jet, and handsome
 features, full of a grave expression. His
 general cast of countenance is Roman ; and
 his lofty dignity of manner is such, that
 when you see him enveloped in the folds
 of his snow-white hayk, which falls grace-
 fully over his left shoulder, you might

almost imagine a senator of ancient Rome stood before you. How different in other respects are the two characters!

"If the character of the Moor be examined, it will be found to consist of a compound of every thing that is worthless and contemptible, and the few good qualities he possesses are quite lost in the dark shade thrown around them. Utterly destitute of faith, his vows and promises are made at the same time with such a resemblance of sincerity as rarely to fail of deceiving his victim: truth is an utter stranger to his lips, and falsehood so familiar with him, that dependance can rarely be placed on any thing that he says. Like the Catholics, who are accused of upholding the doctrine that no faith should be observed towards heretics, the Moor glories in keeping none with Christians: these tenets are to be attributed to the influence which the bigoted character of his religion has upon him from his earliest years. In his disposition he is cruel, merciless, overhearing, and tyrannical, and benevolence and humanity are strangers to his breast. Proud, arrogant and haughty, as his general demeanour is, particularly to his inferiors, he is fawning and cringing to those above him, and the veriest slave imaginable, when in contact with those whose power he has reason to be afraid of. Suspicious, perhaps as much from the general uncertainty of life and property in Morocco, as from his own natural disposition, there is no tie of faith or friendship which is not capable of being dissolved when any thing is likely to be obtained; to accomplish which, he will descend to the lowest flattery, and the most servile acts of cunning wheedling. Liberality and generosity are unknown to him, or if he display these qualities, it is done from a certainty that he shall be well repaid for the exercise of them. It would have filled many of these pages had I related the

numerous and almost incredible acts of meanness, even in the most paltry matters, which characterise all classes, but more particularly the higher, without even excepting the sultan himself.

"If the Moor possess few of the virtues of civilised nations, and despicable and worthless as his general character unquestionably is, still he is at least free from many vices which luxury and refinement entail as curses upon the former; and it must be confessed, that the horrible enormities and outrages, the singular pitch of refinement to which vice is carried, and the monstrous shapes it appears in, in our own country, the details of which are so studiously daily blazed abroad, to the destruction of morals, the increase of crime, and the utter subversion of female delicacy and purity, are as rare in Morocco as in other parts where civilisation has made equally slow advances. If the Moor be sensual in his enjoyments, at least propriety and decency are never outraged in the gross manner they are in Christian countries; and he is so scrupulous on this point, that it is considered a rule of decorum that he should never speak of his wives or other females of his household establishment; and you might almost doubt the existence of the sex, from its being so little seen or heard of. This arises from a sense of delicacy, which one is surprised to meet with in this country. The sex are here on a very different footing from what they are among Christian nations; with the latter their possession of a soul is not a matter of doubt, and their mental and personal qualities excite equal respect and admiration; while the Mahometan woman is regarded simply as an object of sensual pleasure, a mere animal, created for his own enjoyment alone, the bare mention of whom he considers would be a breach of delicacy."

AUTOGRAPHS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

- No. 1. The King.
2. The Queen.
3. Duchess of Kent.
4. Princess Victoria.
5. Duke of Cumberland.
6. Duchess of Cumberland.

- No. 7. Prince George of Cumberland.
8. The Landgrave of Hessé Hom-
burgh.
9. Duke of Sussex.
10. Princess Augusta.
11. Prince George of Cambridge.

Music.

THE HARMONICON. *A Monthly Journal of Music for May.* London. Longman & Co.

THE publication of the present month contains an equal exhibition of talent in its literary portion with any of its predecessors, and fully supports the excellent character which it possesses for sound discrimination and impartial criticism. The original papers now presented to us are notices of the Italian Soprani, the Ecclesiastical Choirs, the Italian Theatre, an entertaining sketch, the Autobiography of an Amateur Singer, which is written in a light and easy style; the New Opera of Bellini, and a sensible article on the formation of an English School of Music, from which we make the following extract:—

“Some years ago a school of music was established in this country, for the express purpose not only of promoting the best interests of the art, but of furnishing masters to whom we might apply for original compositions, without the humiliation of being obliged always to have recourse to foreign scores for our theatres. In justice to the Directors of the Royal Academy, we must allow that every facility for acquiring musical knowledge and experience has been afforded to the pupils, except one,—namely, the opportunity of having their productions executed in the theatre. In fact, the young composer has, in this country, difficulties to encounter which may be fairly pronounced insurmountable, unless, indeed, he be assisted by an unusual portion of good fortune. The theatres, the only arena for the display of musical talent of the first order, are, as far as regards the musical department, in the hands of a set of persons who, with very little exception, have not found their way there on account of any very remarkable qualifications which they may possess to enable them to fill the situations of dramatic composers, but have rather by chance stepped into it, and are determined to keep their ground, even to the exclusion of real talent. This may appear a harsh assertion; but we well know that the musical gentlemen of either of the Theatres Royal would much rather hear their own ballads ‘introduced, and sung with immense applause,’ in a new comedy or farce, than give encouragement to youthful genius by bringing it into notice when they find it. It is to this system that we may attribute the barbarisms which are daily practised, to the disgrace of our national taste. For instance, I remember to have heard ‘Follow, follow, o’er the mountain,’ sung in *The Marriage of Figaro*, in

JUNE, 1831.

the place of an air of Mozart! *Ex uno disce omnes.* I need say nothing more. In order to give the writers of maudlin ballads an opportunity of making public their trashy productions, propriety is sacrificed, and the feelings of every person of cultivated taste outraged. It is sometimes said, that there is little or no talent for dramatic music in the country. This is false. I know from personal observation, that there are now several native composers of first-rate ability, who only want an opportunity of showing what they can do, and an inducement to make the most of their genius. That good music *will* succeed in England is undeniable; though reports are industriously circulated that it is necessary to consult the taste of the galleries, &c. The popularity of *Masaniello*, *Der Freischütz*, *Hofer*, *The Barber of Seville*, and several other works of first-rate genius, is sufficient to prove that the musical taste, even of the galleries, has been misrepresented. But it is, by many persons, shrewdly suspected that such reports have been ingeniously devised by certain interested persons, who would fain have an excuse for foisting their own trashy lucubrations on the public; and by singers, who are at present authorized in introducing paltry airs (for which they receive a certain consideration from the composer) into the masterpieces of Mozart and Rossini. If you hint that it is much to be regretted that an entire opera by an Englishman is not ventured upon, you are informed that the musical taste of the country is not sufficiently advanced at present to admit of it, and that it would be rash and impolitic to attempt it. Is there a single instance on record, of a native composer, previously unconnected with the establishment, having been called upon to furnish the music of a drama at either of the two great theatres? We see, therefore, that a young composer, *whatever* his ability and acquirements may be, has no chance of ever becoming known as a dramatic writer in this country; and I, with many others, am uncharitable enough to believe, that extraordinary talents and learning would not enhance his qualifications in the opinion of the musical magnates of the theatres. Had Auber, with all his invention and uncommon genius, been born in London, he would never have delighted the world with an opera such as *La Muette*. He would, no doubt, have shared the fate of many promising composers, who after long and ineffectual struggles to overcome prejudice, and to obtain a fair trial of their strength, have at length been compelled to

sink down into mere balladmongers. Emulation and self-confidence, the great promoters of what is beautiful in the fine arts, are gradually destroyed by disappointment and delay, and the energy which is necessary for the formation and completion of a great work is crushed by undeserved neglect. But what is the consequence of the false system which prevails in the musical department of our great theatres? It is this—that, except on the occasion of a star appearing above the theatrical horizon, the playhouses are not the fashion, and are principally attended by strangers from the country, or by the families of citizens."

This article is followed by Reviews of Music, the Drama, and the public Concerts, the entertaining Diary of a Dilettante, and the usual Foreign and Domestic Report. The music consists of the Overture to the Opera of Helen, by Mehul, "My Early Love I think on Thee," from Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson's Lyrists' Offering, of which, in a former number, we have spoken in high praise; a Canzonet, "Oh! Mary, do not say farewell," and a Song written by Thos. Pringle, Esq., and the Music by John Thomson, both composed for the work; a spirited March by Czerny; a Social Galoppe, by Johann Strauss, and a Martial Movement, by Pacini. On the whole, we do not think the music in this number so attractive as several of its predecessors; the proprietors, however, as if anxious to make more than amends for any deficiency of interest in this respect, have put forth a supplementary number, containing nearly the whole of the Opera of Azor and Zemira, by Louis Spohr. The public are thus furnished with all the best pieces of it at an astonishing low rate; we have always spoken favourably of the Harmonicon—we most confidently recommend it.

HE WENT WHERE THEY HAD LEFT HER.

By F. W. N. Bayley, Esq.

We have seen the manuscript of this song, which will be published in a few days, and received permission to copy the words, which we subjoin. The melody is extremely sweet and appropriate, and in every respect we do not remember to have met with a ballad in the plaintive style that has more pleased us.

"He went where they had left her,
When her last sad pang was o'er,
Ere death had quite bereft her
Of the charms her beauty wore.
On a lonely couch he found her,
And he press'd her lifeless hand,
Tho' he saw the halo round her,
That was from the Spirits' land!

She had smiled at his caresses,
Had she seen him bending there,

To gather up the tresses
Of her dark and silken hair.
But, now, tho' he caress'd her,
In the dim and dying light,
She stirred not when he press'd her,
For her soul was on its flight!

He lay beside her weeping,
And they watched him as he wept,
Till they fancied he was sleeping
On the pillow where she slept.
But when they went to wake him,
From his lone and silent rest,
His dream would not forsake him,
For his sun was in its west."

THE SERAPHINE.

We blame ourselves much for not having introduced sooner to the pages of the Museum a notice of this elegant little instrument, which after three years uninterrupted perseverance, is introduced by Mr. Green of Soho Square to the public, in a state of very high perfection.

The sound is produced on a principle somewhat similar to the mouth *Æolian*.

The first idea of its application was communicated to Mr. Green at Mannheim in Germany. A baker of a musical and mechanical turn had worked sometime in secret, and had constructed a musical instrument which he would allow no one to see: his death, however, occurred a short time before the visit of Mr. Green, who was permitted by the family to inspect the construction of the instrument, in which he discovered a very ingenious, though rude, attempt to apply this principle: but it has required incessant labour to perfect and combine all its advantages as now accomplished.

The organ, from the grandeur of its effects, has ever been placed at the head of the list; but, from its enormous bulk, it can only be employed in large public buildings, its deep majestic tones being produced by pipes of very large dimensions. The very quality, which constitutes its pre-eminence, must necessarily be sacrificed in the same proportion as its size is reduced; so that it is impossible, upon that principle, to construct an organ of the desired depth of tone within the dimensions convenient for domestic purposes.

The sound of the Seraphine is produced by the vibration of metal acted upon by wind; by which means, within the space of three or four inches, the same tone is produced, which, in an organ, would require a pipe sixteen feet long.

Thus, then, by the present application of this principle, we are enabled to construct a domestic organ, of wonderful power and depth of tone, within the dimensions of an ordinary table.

The compass of the keys can be extended without limit; but the present extent is five octaves complete, or sixty-one keys from F. to F.; the fullest compass of the largest organs.

The shape is that similar to a moderate sized chiffonnier, and is extremely portable.

The Seraphine may be made to assume any appearance, and may be ornamented to correspond with any description of furniture; indeed, when desired, it may be adapted to any piece of furniture already made, where the space inside is sufficient. It may be removed into any apartment, and placed in any situation, even in the centre of the room, the case being finished at the back as well as in front.

From its small dimensions it will be found peculiarly adapted to the ship's cabin, where it will afford to the musician, during a long voyage, a fund of enjoyment, of which he has been frequently hitherto deprived by the inconvenient bulk of the piano-forte.

Travellers to India in particular will appreciate this as well as another most material advantage.

The principle upon which this instrument is constructed is the most simple possible, and of such a nature as not to be sensibly acted upon by any variation in the temperature of the atmosphere; consequently, after being once tuned, it is not liable to any observable change, and, being divested of all complicated movements, it is not liable to go out of order.

From what has been said, the Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, with sustained sounds, or an organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; and, as such, it will be considered a valuable acquisition by all lovers of serious music, who, from sacred associations, will permit it to be heard even on a Sunday, when profane instruments are silent; thus will it increase the means of our social enjoyments, and the number of our fire-side pleasures.

But it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches or religious meetings, where the expense or appearance of an organ may be objected to.

It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of *diminuendo* and *crescendo*, from

the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence scarcely attained by any other instrument.

The quality of the sound, as well as its quantity, is modified at pleasure by various simple means; but its general character is similar to the rich chalumeau of the clarionet, a quality of all others which best accords with the human voice.

When employed to accompany many voices, the full chords of the Seraphine produce a most extraordinary effect, the vibrations exciting, as it were, an atmosphere of harmony; its own tones not being separately distinguishable, whilst the voices are firmly sustained, and, at the same time, thrown out (if the expression may be allowed) in high relief.

Its tones are truly pathetic in simple melodies, and afford an effective accompaniment to the piano forte; or it may be advantageously employed in concert pieces, &c. to fill up the parts of the flute, oboe, clarionet, bassoon, violencello, &c.

A pleasing effect is produced where the melody is played on the Seraphine by the right hand of the performer, the left playing an accompaniment on a piano-forte placed by its side.

Amongst other subjects connected with music, we feel ourselves called upon to notice the extraordinary advancement made in the fashionable quadrille bands this season. Several of the leading ones are now composed of persons of the highest rank in their profession. We have Colinet's and Muzard's most admirably conducted, favouring us with music arranged in a tasteful style, and with an effect that hitherto had only been aimed at by the composers for operatical or concerted display, and a band directed by our countryman, Weippert, that in every respect excels them all. We have of late remarked the very striking gratification experienced by the fashionable world in listening to their spirited performances; and his Majesty, on several occasions lately, has been very marked in his attention and notice of Weippeit's, in particular, in many instances encoring any favourite air that pleased him. "Bravo, Weippeit's band," was his frequent exclamation. Amongst the gentlemen who composed this band we observed several that are held in the highest estimation as performers in the orchestras of the Italian Opera and patent theatres.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.

On the 13th ult. a new opera was brought out here, entitled *The Emissary; or the Revolt of Moscow*, the music being chiefly selected from *Le Colporteur*, of Onslow, and adapted, by Mr. Barham Livius, to an English version. The plot was not very interesting, but served, appropriately enough, to introduce to our notice the music, some of which is of a very sterling character. Were we to judge of the merits of particular portions by the feelings exhibited by the audience, we might, without hesitation, award the palm to that music which was introduced, rather than that of Onslow, since a song, arranged by Phillips, "He wandered o'er hills of snow," a duett by Horn, and a chorus of Grattan Cooke's, met with rapturous applause. But an English audience, taken collectively, are far from qualified to pass a judgment on any musical production, as in several instances, on the present occasion, was most truly apparent. Phillips's production, which is nightly encored, is but a mediocre affair; and Cooke's chorus by far the least original we ever heard sent forth as such. It was pretty—but so thought our great grandfathers before us. In favour of Horn's composition we must speak highly, it was a most spirited production, and, as sung by himself and Phillips, rendered strikingly effective. The chorusses were admirable, and strikingly rich in harmony; and several songs and a duett, which were sung by Miss Pearson and Miss Bruce, extremely pretty. The singers, one and all, exerted themselves to their utmost. Phillips was in excellent voice, and Horn and Sinclair ably supported him. The latter was far better than usual. On a subsequent evening, Sinclair's character was sustained by Yarnold, in a highly creditable manner, and as regards action and deportment, in every way superior. Miss Pearson was never heard to greater advantage, she sang several very pretty songs, that were allotted to her, with the greatest taste and judgment, and secured the applause of all present, no less in the execution of the musical portion of her part, than the delivery of the dialogue. Several parts of her character were represented with the greatest spirit and naiveté. We wish several of the gentlemen around her had been equally agreeable in this respect. Miss Bruce we do not like in this play. Her peculiarity of voice does not, to our ear, suit very appropriately to her task, and we almost invariably found her at least

half a note too sharp. A charming duett, however, between herself and Miss Pearson was warmly encored. Harley bustled about with effect, and in his shivering fits was extremely diverting. Bedford and Cooke had but little to do, but that was ably executed. The scenery, which is new, is beautiful indeed, especially a snow and a moonlight scene. An accident that occurred on the first night had well nigh endangered the success of the piece. A slight delay took place in the business of the last scene, which, amidst other opposition, scarcely *legitimate*, roused considerable disapprobation amongst the gods. Subsequently, however, all has gone off well. Several of the papers have been extremely loud in condemning what they please to term the want of interest in the plot; for our own parts, however, we must say we regarded it but as the vehicle for the music, and whilst our critical ears were delighted with the beautiful harmony we found in it, cared little to be over severe with any other ingredients. After passing, without censure, over the detail of the childish story of Cinderella and the monstrosities of the Beauty and the Beast, we think it is quite unfair to be censorious over that which, to say the least of it, certainly is neither deficient in tolerable narrative or plain common sense. As one portion of our work is so especially devoted to female dress, and we may be expected to notice any striking feature regarding it, it may not be inappropriate to advert to that worn by Miss Pearson in the present instance, which was extremely elegant and characteristic.

The melodrame of *Timour the Tartar* has been produced here, in a style of splendour and effect we have seldom witnessed. We are not particularly partial to this species of entertainment on the boards of the patent theatres, (and are certainly prejudiced against the introduction of horses on the boards,) but on this occasion our judgment was secured in its favour by the very admirable manner in which it went off. H. Wallack, Cooper, and little Miss Poole, were all good in their respective parts, and Miss Huddart more than good. In one or two scenes she acted with very considerable energy and feeling.

COVENT-GARDEN.

At this house, on Monday, the 16th ult. was produced a new spectacle, entitled *Napoleon Buonaparte, Captain of Artillery*,

General, First Consul, Emperor and Exile.

The exhibition—for the piece has no dramatic pretensions—consists of seven parts, in which we first see Napoleon conducting the siege of Toulon, as Captain of Artillery; then as General of the army of Italy crossing the Great St. Bernard; his third appearance at Vienna, after the definitive battle of Austerlitz; the fourth, Montebello; the fifth, his departure from Fontainebleau; the sixth, a vision, in which are shown the principal actions of Napoleon's life, and the seventh and last stage of all, his death and funeral, as an Exile at St. Helena. The spectacle considered, as a series of pictures, is very creditable to the taste and energy of the management. The great fault of the present spectacle is its inordinate length: and thus we become wearied, when, under other circumstances, the attention would be kept alive and gratified. A great proportion of the scenery is very beautiful—the picture of the crossing of the Great St. Bernard is admirably displayed; nor is the illusion less perfect at the review in Vienna. To these may be added the “vision” of Victoria, the views in St. Helena, and the Apotheosis of Napoleon. Mr. Warde plays the hero: we like his earlier scenes best. Doubtless he has throughout carefully modelled himself upon the French actor, whose portraiture of Napoleon was hailed, in Paris, as the perfection of mimicry; yet, we fear, that the majesty of Buonaparte will suffer somewhat in the opinions of those who witness the Emperor at Covent-garden. At Schœnbrunn—the first place in which he is presented to us as the anointed despot—the change in his manner and deportment is extraordinary. As played by Warde, the Emperor seems to stoop, shamle, and shuffle, as though bent and reeling with the weight of crowns. Then he suddenly gathers himself up to his full height, and darts off between a trip and a run. If this be a correct delineation of the Emperor, we should say his manner was made up of the harlequin and the buffoon. Perhaps, in the present instance, colouring is added for what is falsely deemed stage effect. All the strength of the company is in the spectacle; but the few grains of wheat are so mixed in the general chaff, that we are rarely called upon to mark them. Hubert, one of the hair-brained thousands, who cried “*Vive l'Empereur*” in the throat of death, was given by Mr. G. Bennett with much *gusto*. He seemed enamoured of war, as though to shoot, and to be shot at, for the glory of Napoleon, was the whole end and aim of mortal renown. Miss Taylor played Victoria. Every other part of the spectacle is so real, that the day-dreams

of this enthusiast, savouring as they do of wildest melo drama, are a positive impertinence. We are no sooner called upon to attend them, than the illusion is dissipated; and instead of Napoleon and his invincible army, we see Mr. Warde, and a host of eighteen-penny supernumeraries. All this should, in our opinion, be omitted. It would greatly benefit the piece; the parts of which, like the sybil's books, must rise in value as they become less in number. At present, admirably as it is produced, the piece is tedious; and, despite the trumpet, and all the pomp of “glorious war,”—sometimes somniferous. Much opium, in the way of several scenes, might be extracted from the mixture, to the comfort and benefit of the patient. We would have all the St. Helena part left out. Here the appearance of Napoleon is most painful—his death-bed most repulsive. A sick chamber—even of an ex-emperor—with its thronging physicians, nurses, &c. is scarcely fit for scenic representation. We should be glad to see the spectacle pruned down to an afterpiece. In its present condition, to witness it a second time would, we think, be a marvellous instance of human patience.

COBURG.

Mr. Davidge continues to pursue a successful career at this theatre by the most praiseworthy exertions in the bringing forward of novelties. To notice particularly all that has appeared during the month would occupy a space far greater than our limits will admit of. The three last have been extremely interesting; namely, *The Shepherd of Derwent Vale*, *Martha Willis*, a domestic story of deep interest, and a nautical drama, most ably brought out, *The Wreck of the Hero*. A visitor to this theatre is sure to be entertained; and we have with much satisfaction witnessed the support which the theatre has of late received from very many families of rank and distinction. Mr. Davidge need only to continue in the present right path, and his endeavours, he may rely, will be recompensed by an abundant reward. We hope, in future, to be enabled to dwell at greater length on the performances here.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

We have been much pleased lately with the representation of the *Bride of Lammermoor* at this theatre. The piece affords abundant opportunity for the display of professional skill; and in the adaptation of it for the boards, the author has contrived very tolerably to retain the prominent features and characteristics of the original story. It was necessarily an abridge-

ment, and deprived of many of its fair proportions, yet nevertheless sufficient was retained to awaken the interest and sympathy of the audience, and to draw largely on the conceptions of several concerned in realising it. The devoted attachment of *Lucy Ashton*—the deep resolves of the heart-broken *Edgar*—the prophetic forebodings of the sightless *Alice*, and the staunch fidelity of the quaint but honest *Caleb*, have been portrayed with great fidelity. The principal character was sustained by Mrs. Evans, formerly Miss P. Glover (a name that now excites, and we trust long will continue to excite a charm in the recollections of the sensible and discriminating of the play-going public). She entered into her part with genuine judgment, and in the exhibition of gentle pathos and intense feeling, evinced a talent that would have done credit to the pathetic powers of any actress. Her last scene was strikingly beautiful, and assuredly merited the rapturous applause with which it was received. Miss Wells acquitted herself with respectability as *Lady Ashton*, and Mrs. Garrick made much of an unimportant part. Keppell was not at all to our taste. If this gentleman were to think less favourably of himself, the public might perhaps think more. Forrester and Russell were excellent. On the same evening a variety of songs were sung, and we were much pleased with a Mr. Millar from Newcastle, who presided at the piano-forte. He has a very beautiful touch, and exhibits the talents of the accomplished musician in the display of it. A Mr. Martin has also recently made a very successful debut here as a singer. He possesses a fine

tenor voice, combined with great flexibility and taste. "The rose and the lily," from the *Siege of Belgrade*, and Braham's "Winter it is past," were very charmingly sung. He is a pupil of Bishop's, and we are surprised that one possessing such requisites for the stage should not sooner have been made familiar with the public, especially since good tenor voices are so rarely to be met with.

SURREY.

A pretty little drama has recently been produced here, entitled, *Ireland; or, the Rose of Kerry*. It has an interesting and affecting plot, and is made the means of introducing some favourite Irish melodies with pleasing effect. C. Hill played with more than his usual ability; Vale was, as usual, extremely diverting; and Miss Somerville sang very sweetly. Mr. Elliston has played, in the early part of the month, some of his favourite characters, and delighted all who witnessed him.

A new piece, on the career of Napoleon, has also been put forth at this house, which embraces the whole strength of the establishment. It commences at a later period of his eventful history than the piece at Covent-garden; but we think it, as a whole, more effective. The scenery, which is painted by Marshall, is very splendid, and some moving dioramas gave the highest satisfaction. Osbaldeston played the hero, with great judgment and effect, but neither he, nor Warde at Covent-garden, make so faithful a portrait of Napoleon as Gomersal, at Astley's, who certainly represents him with an astonishing fidelity of person, gait, and delivery.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE, CHITCHAT, &c.

THE King and Queen, we rejoice to report, are in good health, and have been journeying rather considerably, during the last month, between London and Windsor. Her Majesty gave a grand juvenile ball on the 24th, at St. James's Palace, which was attended by most of the young scions of nobility at present in town. Quadrilles were the prevailing dances of the evening—the *contre-danse* (of which his Majesty is particularly fond) was, however, by no means forgotten, and the Mazurka was executed with great taste and elegance. Their Majesties appeared highly delighted with the interesting spectacle; the King, in particular, seemed for a season to forget his age, and mingled with the happy party in all the careless gaiety of his younger days.

For some reason, which we cannot di-

vine, Almack's has fallen off during the present season; we never recollect seeing the rooms so deserted; the company assembled, feeling the alteration, have one and all manifested a listlessness, a want of spirit, which augurs not well for this once-crowded resort of exclusives.

Paganini has been well served. He, it seems, was recently scraping at all the provincial towns in France, at a moderate rate of admission; but having the impertinence to imagine that honest John Bull could be easily gulled, actually doubled the prices of admission at the Opera House. The public, however, proved their just sense of the imposition—scarcely ten boxes were taken, and the consequence was, that Paganini, not finding us such a *pack-o'-ninnies* as he expected, feigned illness, and vanished.

All domestic intelligence turns upon one

subject—the elections—the people have had their way—the Reform Bill, we think, may be considered as carried—at least, through the Commons. On this subject we can but echo the sentiment contained in the splendid resignation speech of Mr. Bankes, and say that we sincerely hope “that the new Constitution which we are going to have may be as good and useful to us as the old Constitution which we are going to discard.”

The illustrious sister of our amiable Queen, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, arrived on a visit to our court on Tuesday, the 17th ult. Her Serene Highness reached the Tower in the afternoon of that day, where she was received with the honours due to her exalted rank, and with the affectionate respect to which her relationship to the most exalted of English dames entitles her. Captain Fitzclarence, in the Comet steam-ship, had the honour of conducting her Serene Highness to England. The King and Queen came from Windsor for the purpose of receiving their illustrious visitant.

Epsom races—at least, on the “Derby day”—have been unusually well attended. At one o'clock the grand stand could boast of a splendid assemblage of rank, fashion, and beauty, and although there was evidently a diminution of the bustle and animation which we have been accustomed to witness, the course presented a very brilliant and imposing appearance. Lord Lowther's Spaniel was declared the winner

by nearly three-quarters of a length with much cleverness, and contrary to general expectation.

Amongst the royal and distinguished visitors, we noticed her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, Prince of Linsingen, their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cumberland and Prince George, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, &c. &c. &c.

It is said that shoemakers form the most numerous class of operatives in Canton; the number is estimated at about 25,000. Of weavers there are about 15,000. Of lapidaries there are upwards of 7000. The carpenters and cabinet-makers are estimated at 16,000. There are above 18,000 trading boats, of different sizes, which pass along the river from Canton to Whampoa. The Tanka, or small boats, in which people live, and which pay an annual fee to the police, are said to be upwards of 50,000.

A tessellated Roman pavement has lately been discovered at Leicester, which is likely to become an object of great attraction among antiquaries. The fire which pervades the Burning Hill, at Weymouth, now extends itself to a considerable distance, and is daily visited by parties, both by sea and land.

It appears that the London Bridge Committee have determined to open that splendid structure on the 1st of August, and that the ceremony will be performed with all customary honours and observances.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A *foulard* dress; the ground white, printed in a running pattern of lilac and green. The *corsage* is cut square at top, moderately low, and disposed in drapery folds: it is trimmed on each side of the bust, and round the shoulders, in the *pele-rine* style, with the same material, edged with narrow lilac silk fringe. The sleeves are of the *demi-gigot* form. The skirt is trimmed with a band of the same material, cut on both sides in long deep notches, which are edged with lilac satin. Bonnet of rice straw, trimmed with lilac ostrich feathers, and lilac gauze ribands. White gauze scarf.

SECOND CARRIAGE DRESS.

A dress of light-green *gros de Naples*, ornamented round the border with *navuds* of the same material, two shades darker; they are placed at regular distances. Plain

corsage, with sleeves of the *Medicis* form. *Canesou* of embroidered *tulle*, ornamented on the shoulder with *navuds*, corresponding with the trimming of the skirt. Bonnet of rose-coloured crape, decorated with white ostrich feathers, tipped with rose-colour, and trimmed under the brim with blond lace, in the cap style. Half-boots of *gros de Naples*, to correspond with the trimming of the dress.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of pale lavender *gros d'été*, with a plain high *corsage*. The sleeve is very wide at top, but setting almost close to the arm at bottom, and ornamented with bias folds from the wrist nearly to the elbow. The *pele-rine* is of the same material: it is rounded behind: made with ends, which descend below the knee, and a falling collar. *Capote Anglaise*, to correspond with the dress, trimmed with *palmettes* of green gauze riband.

SECOND WALKING DRESS.

A muslin dress, striped, and lightly figured: the *corsage* is plain: the sleeve of the *demi-gigot* form. *Canesou* of jaconot muslin, embroidered, in a light pattern, in feather stitch: it is made up to the throat, sets close to the shape, and is finished with a pointed falling collar, and a double row of points falling over the half sleeve. The hat is of pale grey *gros de Naples*, trimmed in front of the crown with a rose-coloured *aigrette*, a sprig of foliage, and *nœuds* of rose-coloured gauze riband; the inside of the brim is decorated with the material of the hat and blond lace.

COURT DRESS.

A blond lace dress over white satin, the *corsage* is cut low and square, and trimmed with blond lace and a *chef d'er*. *Béret* sleeves composed of blond, and of the material of the train, which is crimson *gros des Indes*. The train is lined with white satin, and richly embroidered round the border in gold. The head-dress is a *tiara* of gold and rubies, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers placed behind the bows of hair, and drooping over them. Jewellery, gold and coloured gems.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of Persian muslin. The *corsage* is crossed drapery, covered with a mantilla of blond lace; the *corsage* is square, and cut something higher than they are in general. *Béret* sleeves edged with narrow blond lace. The hair is dressed a moderate height, the bows are placed on one side, a superb gold comb, and sprigs of exotics ornament them. A bandeau of gold chain, and a single flower decorate the hair in front. The jewellery is gold.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

We see as yet very few white dresses in the promenades; and though coloured muslin ones are very fashionable, they are not, upon the whole, so predominant as silk dresses. White gowns are either tucked or embroidered round the border. Those of coloured muslin have not experienced any change in their form; but we observe that a good many silk dresses are worn with pelerines of the same material, rounded behind, and with long ends, which fall half way to the knee: these pelerines are made in general without collars: that of the *chemisette*, which is always very deep, and usually embroidered, falls over them; they are trimmed with from three to five narrow satin cords round the edge.

Small square shawls of China crape are fashionable, but not so much as scarfs of various kinds of gauze and crape; there is a great variety of patterns and colours, but

none are, perhaps, so appropriate to promenade dress, as those of rich plain gauze, the ends finished by horizontal satin stripes.

No alteration in promenade bonnets. Rice straw and Leghorn begin to be much in favour in carriage dress. They are all of the shapes called by the French *capotes Anglaises*, and bear more, or less, a resemblance to the cottage bonnet which, a few years ago, was so universally adopted in England. Some have the brim lined with crape, and finished with a curtain veil of blond lace; the crown is trimmed either with a long sprig of lilac, honeysuckle, or Bengal roses; or else a cockade of riband is attached to one side, the ends of which descend upon the brim.

These shapes are so generally adopted, that hats are comparatively few in number; they are, in general, composed of watered silk, either white or coloured, satin, except white, being very little worn. Some have the front of the crown trimmed with two ornaments, composed of blond lace, and resembling cabbage roses; in the centre of each is a bouquet of flowers, or a sprig of lilac, or jessamine. Other hats are trimmed with flowers only, mingled with light *nœuds* of riband. Perhaps the prettiest, certainly the most novel, style of trimming is composed of a drapery of the material of the hat, edged with blond lace, which is placed across the crown; the lace falls over the front, and mingles with a bouquet composed of sprigs of lilac and white lilac. The inside of the brim is decorated in the *bonnet poupard* style, with blond lace, and ends of lilac gauze riband.

We have observed a few carriage pelisses made open in front, and with *corsages* of the square shawl-kind. Emerald-green, pale lemon-colour, the most delicate shade of fawn colour, and Swedish-blue, are the colours most in favour for these dresses. The lappel is of satin to correspond with the pelisse, and a band, very narrow at the waist, but increasing in breadth as it descends from the lappel, borders the front of the skirt. This band, as well as the shawl part of the dress, is cut at the edge in lozenges, which are either corded at the edge, or else finished with silk fringe to correspond in colour, and not quite an inch in breadth.

Morning dresses are now, in general, of cambric and jaconot muslin; they are usually made in the pelisse-gown style, and have the *corsage*, epaulettes, and front of the skirt, embroidered.

Muslin is not as yet much worn in dinner dress, silks being predominant. There are also some new materials, composed of silk and wool, of the half transparent kind;

they are flowered in a variety of rich and beautiful patterns.

The material most decidedly in favour, both in dinner and evening dress, is white watered *gros de Naples*. *Corsages* are cut square, but higher round the bosom than we have lately observed them. Long transparent sleeves are much more generally adopted than short ones; the latter, though still large, are reduced in size, but the former are as wide as ever. Blond lace is the favourite trimming for silk dresses; riband continues to be employed for those of lighter materials. We see, also, some crape dresses trimmed round the border with a row of *dents*, of the same material, corded with satin; they are placed three and three together, are of different sizes, and laid one over the other.

Head-dresses of hair are almost universally adopted in evening dress; they are decorated with flowers.

The colours most in request, besides those named above, are lilac and rose-colour.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS
IN MAY.

Promenade dresses are composed of muslins, printed in very large patterns, and in very showy colours; or else of *foulard du laine*, (a material which at a distance resembles printed muslin, but is composed of wool); or of *gros de Naples*: the last material is quite as much in favour as either of the others. White dresses are as yet little worn, but they are expected to be very generally adopted before the end of the month.

The make of gowns has altered very slightly indeed: the waists are not quite so long, and some of those made with crossed draperies have no lappel, but sleeves remain as large as ever, and trimmings are not worn at all for the promenade.

White muslin scarfs, embroidered at the ends, China crape shawls, and shawls of *mousseline de laine*, with coloured borders, are all worn for the promenade. We see, also, a good many ladies in silk dresses, with only a cravat of riband, or *gros de Naples*, tied loosely round the collar of their *chemisette*, or put underneath the triple frill which forms the *collerette* generally worn in the earlier part of the morning.

Promenade bonnets have not altered in shape, but their trimmings and materials are very diversified. Some of the most novel are of plaid *gros de Naples*, or else of striped, in two light colours, as green and white, canary and rose, lilac and blue. Others are of *gros de Naples*, printed in

small squares, and very much resembling gingham. There are also several made of straw tissue, and even of straw gauze, a material composed of a mixture of silk and straw, figured in leaves or rings.

A bonnet of this last material, which has been very much admired, has the brim disposed in large deep plaits, and bordered with a plait of straw; the crown is round, and arranged in cross plaits, resembling the rind of a melon: it is encircled at the bottom by a fancy band of straw, and ornamented with a half wreath, composed of a sprig of roses, ripe ears of corn, and field flowers; one end of this wreath is attached to the edge of the brim on the left side, and the other traverses one side of the crown near the front, where it is fastened: as the stalks of the flowers are long, they rise perpendicularly above the top of the crown.

Since Paganini has been the rage, the toilettes at the Opera House have been very brilliant; at present they present a mixture of simplicity and splendour, the gowns being of silk, crape, or muslin, without any trimming to the skirt, except for muslin ones, which are adorned with one or two *chefs d'or*, placed just above the hem. Those of silk, or crape, if the *corsage* is in crossed drapery, have it edged with narrow blond lace; if it is plain, or draped in the Grecian manner, a single fall of blond lace goes round the bust. Whatever may be the colour or material of the dress, it must have white transparent sleeves over short ones the same as the gown; many of the long sleeves are made à l'imbecille; and others, in the Medicis form, are nearly tight from the elbow to the wrist.

The head-dresses are in general of a very rich description. Among the most novel are *bérets* of figured gauze: they are in general in large flowers, and of three colours, as blue, lilac, and rose, or green, canary, and violet: a single ostrich feather, of one of the colours of the *béret*, is placed under the brim, and attached by an *agraffe*, composed of gems of the three colours; the feather falls back over the crown of the *béret*.

Another very elegant style of head-dress is composed of blond lace and flowers; the front, which is in the style of a *béret*, is formed of blond lace; the caul is open: it is formed by two rows of blond lace, placed at some distance from each other, and looped in the drapery style, with small bouquets, composed of sprigs of flowers.

Head-dresses of hair are also more splendidly decorated than is usual at this season. If they are ornamented with flowers, the flowers are placed far back, and a bandeau

of gold, pearls, or coloured gems, is brought low upon the forehead.

Unmarried ladies dress with more simplicity than ever. Many appear without any ornament in their hair; others have a single flower, with buds and foliage, placed at the base of one of the bows of hair.

Their gowns are trimmed only with one or two satin rouleaus, or, if the dress is of muslin, a light embroidery round the border.

The favourite colours are lilac, tea, and emerald-green, rose, straw-colour, and sky-blue.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

In Eaton Place, the Lady Caroline Calcraft, of a son. In Grosvenor Square, the Countess of Wilton, of a son. At Edgeware, Mrs. Foote, of a son. In Sussex Place, Regent's Park, Mrs. W. E. Phillips, of a daughter. In Hatton Garden, Mrs. Henry Wakefield, of a daughter. In Smith Street, Westminster, Mrs. C. Smart, of a son. At Herne Hill, Mrs. Arnot, of a daughter. In Upper Harley Street, the lady of Richard Jenkins, Esq. M.P. of a son. At Dulwich, the lady of Samuel Page, Esq. of a son. At Chatham, the lady of Major Wolrige, of the Royal Marines, of a son. At Lymington, the lady of Captain Bernard Yeoman, R. N. of a daughter. At Putney Heath, the lady of Captain Basil Hall, R. N. of a daughter. In Somerset Street, Portman Square, Mrs. R. M. Baxter, of a son. The lady of the Rev. Edwin Prodggers, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

By the Lord Bishop of Winchester, the Rev. William Gilson, to Eliza, third daughter of the Bishop of Chester. In Paris, at the British Embassy, by the Rev. Bishop Luscombe, the Count de Montebello, son of the late Marshal Lannes, Duc de Montebello, to Mary Teresa, eldest daughter of Thomas Boddington, Esq. of Cumberland Place. At All Souls Church, Langham Place, by the Rev. the Provost of Oriel, Francis Hawkins, M.D. of Curzon Street, May Fair, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, to Hester, third daughter of the Hon. Baron Vaughan. On the same day, Le Marchant Thomas, Esq. only son of John Thomas, Esq. of Brunswick Square, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the Hon. Baron Vaughan. At Henley-on-Thames, Robert King, Esq. of Grosvenor Place, to Georgiana Anne, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel George Carleton. At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Right Hon. Robert Grosvenor, youngest son of Earl Grosvenor, to the Hon. Charlotte A. Welleseley, daughter of Lord Cowley. At St. George's, Hanover Square, William, eldest son of Sir William Curtis,

Bart. to Georgiana Maria, eldest daughter of the late John Stratton, Esq. of Portugal Street, Grosvenor Square, and of Farthing-hae Lodge, in the county of Northampton. At St. Giles's, Camberwell, Edward, the eldest son of Charles Baldwin, Esq. of Grove Hill, Camberwell, to Anne Calcot, youngest daughter of John Horner, Esq. also of Grove Hill. At St. James's Church, the Hon. Richard Pepper Arden, of Pepper Hall, Yorkshire, to the Lady Arabella Vane, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Cleveland.

DEATHS.

After a severe and lingering illness, Walter Wilkins, Esq. of Marslough Castle, Radnorshire, and Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park. At Wybrooke Park, in the county of Devon, the Right Hon. Charles Lord Clifford. At Bath, Vice-Admiral the Right Hon. Sir William Johnstone Hope, G.C.B. In Craven Street, Strand, Rear-Admiral George Sayer, C.B. In Lower Connaught Place, Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Bentham, K.S.G. late Inspector of Naval Works, and civil architect and engineer of the navy. John Vaughan, sixth Viscount and third Earl of Lisburne. At Welling, in Kent, Lieutenant-Colonel Bunce, formerly of his Majesty's 24th regiment of Light Dragoons. John Robins, Esq. of No. 170, Regent Street, and Norwood Green, Middlesex. The Rev. Henry Alexander De La Fite, A.M. Evening Lecturer of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, &c. Harriot Mary, only daughter of Hardwick Shute, Esq. M.D. of Gloucester. In Harley Street, Colin, relict of the late James Baillie, Esq. of Invernesshire, N.B. and M.P. for Horsham. In Lincoln's Inn, John Calthorpe Gough, Esq. At Eltham, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. John Wilgress, D.D. In Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, William Lumley, Esq. Major-General Sir George Adam Wood, of the Royal Artillery, C.B. K.C.H. and Governor of Carlisle. In Clarges Street, James Wedderburn, Esq. On the 25th inst. aged 60, William Hayward, Esq. of the Middle Temple.

"THEY BID ME SING THE SONG HE LOVES:"

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD,

WRITTEN BY

MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.



THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY

FOR THE LADIES' MUSEUM,

BY

CHARLES H. PURDAY,

COMPOSER OF "THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN,"—"THE LAY OF THE MINSTREL KNIGHT;"

AND OTHER POPULAR BALLADS.

THEY BID ME SING THE SONG HE LOVES!

AN D.A.N.TE.

legato p

mf

f *p*

fz *p*

mf *p*

Why comes he not a - mid the throng, Why

see I not his glance? There seems no Mu - sic

in the Song, Nor Spirit in the Dance! My

Heart is sad where all is mirth, And droops where all is

gay, To me there is no Joy on Earth While

mf *p* *ad lib:*

He I love's a-way. While He I love's a-way.

fz *fz* *fz* *fz* *p*

p *f*

2

They bid me sing the Song he loves,
 My lips the Strain repeat,
 But ev'ry thought unconscious roves,
 To trace his wand'ring feet.
 Why comes he not amid the throng?
 Could I but see his glance,
 How sweet the Music of the Song,
 What spirit in the Dance!